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By the men . . for the men in the service

RANGER IN SCOTLAND

American Flyers Describe Life in a Nazi Prison

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ROUGH CLOVER. Pvt. William R. Swerden of Flint, Mich., didn't find these "clover leaves" in a field. They hold powder for artillery on the Venafro front.

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—Pvt. William Peters of Hammond, Ind., in a division pack-train outfit, was slowly leading his heavily laden mule up a mountainside when a figure in gray popped out from behind a patch of scrub and yelled *"Kamerad."*

Not catching the statement at first and being unarmed, Peters obeyed his first impulse: he stooped down behind his mule, exposing only his legs. But the German proceeded down the path, hands up and continuing to shout *"Kamerad."*

So Peters tied his mule to a tree, took the German by the arm and led him down the hill to the regimental CP, where he deposited him, and then returned and led his mule to the infantry outfit at the top of the range.

LUCK. Two artillerymen here claim some sort of record for close shaves from shell fire. Pfc. James Elick of Spavinaw, Okla., and Pvt. Frank H. Smith of Morehead, Ky., driving along a muddy front-line track in their truck, were caught in an enemy barrage.

A heavy Jerry shell burst five feet in front of them, tearing holes in the cab, ripping their bedding to shreds and burying large chunks of shell casing in nearby trees.

Elick and Smith came out of it with only scratches to worry them. They were back on duty after a routine report to the first-aid station.

Another man who can tell about a close shave is Pfc. M. R. Mehrkens of Red Wing, Minn. Because no shells were landing nearby at bedtime, Mehrkens spread his blankets in the open near his jeep. Later a shell burst in the area, sending a piece of shrapnel zinging off the helmet he was using as a pillow.

After that, Mehrkens made his bed under his jeep, but another shell burst nearby, ripping several holes in the vehicle. He spent the rest of the night sitting under a tree.

INDESTRUCTIBLE. Sgt. Quincy Weldon of Tonkawa, Okla., parked his jeep on a hill and he crawled underneath to adjust the brakes. He had unscrewed several nuts when the jeep began to roll.

He gave chase, caught up with it and jumped in, but the brakes wouldn't work. The jeep made a sharp turn, dumping Weldon, and took off alone across country. It jumped over a 20-foot embankment, turned two flips and landed upright.

Weldon was relieved as well as amazed when the motor kicked over for him and he was able to drive the undamaged jeep back to a flat piece of ground.

FEET. Pvt. Frank Provenzano of Brooklyn, N. Y., troubled with big feet since his birth, now finds himself in a sad situation. Because of a shortage of shoes, Provenzano is permanently on KP.

He left the States with six pairs of size 13-EE shoes, gathered after an exhausting search of the Quartermaster Corps' stocks. Everybody said six pairs would be enough to last through the war. But on a beach in Sicily, an enemy shell landed on his company's supplies and sent the whole lot up in flames.

Since then no shoes of Provenzano's size have been found, so he's forced to spend his time in makeshift shoes around the company kitchen.

ON THE ALERT. A half-track scout car is on patrol at the Italian front near Venafro. The gunners are keeping a sharp look-out for snipers and strafers.

TIP-OFF. Members of an artillery battery here learned how easily smoke can give away a man's position.

An observer for the battery noticed a wisp of smoke seeping from behind rocks on a distant mountainside and directed fire at the point. Shells soon leveled the area from which the smoke was issuing.

A patrol, sent out to investigate the cause of the smoke, found the bodies of two Germans in a crude cave. Nearby were the remains of a fire they had built to heat coffee.

GIFT. Pvt. Richard Flannery of New York City received two letters in a recent mail, one from his girl friend and the other from his buddy back home. The one from his girl thanked him for the lovely gift he'd sent her.

The letter from his buddy acknowledged receipt of $40 Flannery had sent him to buy a present for the girl. The buddy added that he was sorry, but that he had spent only $10 on the present and had gone on a binge with the other $30.

PRECAUTIONS. After digging their field piece in more than wheel-deep, three artillerymen felt that their gun was safe from anything

FIGHTING MUSICIAN. When the San Carlo Symphony was rehearsing, the conductor invited a Yank admirer, Pfc. Arnold Friedman, to play with the first violinist.

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but a direct hit [illegible] the area that night—a light ack-ack burst that exploded a short distance from the emplacement, puncturing both of the field gun's tires.

TRIMMINGS. Latest style in footwear along this front is the bootee, a medium-height boot that gives a dash of swank to even the lowliest dogface. What's more, any man with a pair of GI shoes, $3.50 and time off to visit an Italian shoe shop can have a pair.

The cobblers have made up piles of six-inch boot tops with buckles and straps, which they sew onto your shoetops for this moderate price. The bootees are displacing old-fashioned leggin's at a fast rate.

The cobblers also specialize in elaborate, metal-studded shoulder-holsters, gangster style, bedecked with little loops to hold extra cartridges. The boys are going strong for them as resting places for the Lugers, Mausers or Berettas most of them have managed to acquire.

One soldier, shelling out a good many bucks for one of these holsters, was asked about the pistol he was going to place in it. "I'm armed with a rifle now," explained the soldier, "but when my supply sergeant sees this, he can't refuse to issue me a .45."

KNOCK-OUT. Two observers for a mortar unit, Cpl. Dorrance and Pfc. Haulk, had inched their way up the mountainside to set up a forward CP. As they crawled over a slight rise, they found themselves looking down the barrel of a German mortar a short distance away.

The Jerries appeared to be readying the mortar for action and didn't notice them, so the two observers hugged the ground and softly called back the enemy position on their walkie-talkie. Just as a German was about to drop in a round, a shell from Dorrance's and Haulk's mortar crew screamed into the position, knocking out the weapon and killing the three men around it. Later an officer and two more men of the unit were captured.

HOME TOWN PAPERS PLEASE COPY

Here are a few items from one of Italy's best journals, the 45th Division News.

ENGINEERS AT WORK. These Yanks are blasting obstructions off a road while rebuilding a culvert which had been blown up by the retreating Nazis.

SHORE LEAVE. On his way back from the front on an errand, Sgt. Frank Bradford of La Junta, Colo., was startled to see two U. S. sailors hitchhiking along the muddy front-line road. He picked them up.

As the gobs shared some of their candy bars and cigars with him, the first Bradford had seen in a long time, he learned that the pair had decided to spend their shore leave up at the front to see what it was like. They had attached themselves to artillery batteries and Infantry units, and had even picked up a Jerry helmet.

Bradford said the sailors were worried about the soldiers' muddy living conditions. "They wanted to know," he said, "didn't we ever sleep inside and did we always eat that C-ration, K-ration stuff?"

BITING REBUKE. Young mule skinners in the 45th Division's pack-train company recently learned a new trick from an old hand at the game, Capt. James Smith of Okemah, Okla.

One of the mules in a new shipment had exhausted the patience of all the men who tried to put a pack saddle on him, and it looked as if the mule was going to have his way until Capt. Smith took over.

The captain walked up, grabbed the mule with a headlock and bit his ear good and hard. After that the mule gave no trouble.

MYSTERY. A lone German machine-gun sniper on a mountain overlooking a Yank artillery CP is a riddle to the boys in that sector.

His occasional bursts from the rocks keep them on their toes but have done no real harm. But what puzzles the Yanks about Herman (that's their name for the sniper) is, where does he get his food and ammo?

Nobody has even seen anyone enter or leave the place where Herman is thought to be. In fact, the terrain is much too steep for many supplies to reach him, but he keeps on shooting and, presumably, eating. So the boys are gunning for Herman now, not so much to rub him out as to find out how he operates.

DELUXE FOXHOLE. Because he invariably digs underground palaces whenever his outfit stops for a night or more, Cpl. Thomas Barrow of Charleston, S. C., has gained a reputation as the champion foxhole digger in Italy.

Barrow's latest work measures five feet in depth, three feet in width and six feet in length, but it doesn't stop there. Leading off from it are subterranean passages and rooms, all neatly straw-lined.

When Barrow dived into his hole during one raid, he found it already occupied by a lieutenant colonel, a major, a captain, a second lieutenant and a sergeant.

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Life in a Nazi Prison Camp

American flyers, returning to Britain on an exchange of prisoners, describe the daily routine of captured Allies behind barbed wire in Germany and the bitter resentment shown to them by the civilians in Hitler's bomb-flattened cities.

By Cpl. JOHN PRESTON & Sgt. BEN FRAZIER
YANK Staff Correspondents

LONDON — S/Sgt. Norman Goodwin's entire flying career with the Eighth Air Force was a matter of hours. On June 25 he took his first and only trip as radio gunner with the Flying Fortress *Bar Fly* on a mission over Bremen. Halfway to the objective four MEs bore down hard and fast on the Fort's tail. Goodwin saw the Jerries coming and got ready to fire, and then his leg was hit. "It felt like being struck with a paper bag," he says. He looked down and saw his leg hanging by a few shreds of flesh. A 20-mm shell had practically torn it off above the knee.

Then fire broke out in the radio equipment, and as Goodwin crawled across the floor for an extinguisher, the plane exploded. He was heaved out into space by the blast. He parachuted down into the North Sea. A German patrol boat picked him up.

By similarly direct and painful methods, other American soldiers have reached the interior of Germany as prisoners of war. Twelve of them came back to Britain recently with the group of 700 repatriated prisoners who arrived at Liverpool on the mercy ship *Atlantis*. Many of them, like Goodwin, had lost arms or legs. But in spite of empty sleeves pinned neatly to their battle dress and a dead white pallor, they seemed well and cheerful, fully prepared to take up a normal existence again, and more than ready to talk about what they had gone through in Germany. Piecing their stories together we got a picture of their existence behind barbed wire.

When a man is first captured by the Germans he is usually too weak and shattered to know or care very seriously whether he is alive or dead. One American who landed by parachute on German soil found that he was almost completely paralyzed by spinal injuries when he tried to stand up.

"I could pull the cord all right when I bailed out, but I couldn't even get a gum drop out of my pocket when I landed," he said. "My plane was blazing about 100 yards away. Several hours later a little boy came up to me. I kept pointing to my pocket where the gum drops were, and after a while he caught on, took out the candy and fed me some of it. Then I made some more gestures and got him to take off my parachute. After that he thought I was dead and pulled the parachute over me very respectfully. I guess he wasn't far wrong at that.

"The first Germans I saw called me *Kaput*, and I knew what that meant just from the way they said it. There was a whole crowd of them standing around when I came to. I couldn't open one eye because blood was dried all over it. But I did open the other one. They put me in a truck and took me to a dressing station."

The first few days, weeks or months as a prisoner of war are generally spent in a hospital, which, as far as care and diet are concerned, is "strictly Nazi." The most generous and efficient treatment is provided at the hospitals run by Catholic nuns or at the rest homes for merchant seamen on the Frisian Islands.

AT THE very outset of his stay in Germany a prisoner should learn to take the offensive carefully and to know his rights and ask for them politely but firmly. A man's dog tags are his life when he is interned in Germany. They clear his identity as a prisoner of war and a soldier. Otherwise he'd be handed over to the Gestapo as a political agent and probably be sent before a firing squad.

If he knows the rules of the Geneva Convention, a prisoner can use them to great effect. When the Germans tried to employ the American and British prisoners as cheap labor, they turned down the job cold and their captors could do nothing about it. "If you know the Convention," Goodwin said, "you know where you stand and just what they can do to you and what you can refuse to do.

"Right at the beginning, ask the Jerries for a receipt for your personal belongings—your watch, your cigarette lighter and things like that. Otherwise you have no way of claiming them, and they will swipe anything you've got.

"Also, it's a good idea to know German. We should have more language classes at our Air Force ground schools. A few German phrases, 'Stalag Dutch,' we call them, come in very handy now and then. They might make all the difference between escaping and getting caught, or might help you get something extra to eat. But don't make too many attempts to escape. It only makes things tougher for the other prisoners."

The Americans and English reached a warm, lively understanding in the prison hospitals, where they found the Golden Rule to be just about the only practical method of survival left. Either you understood and helped your neighbor, or you both perished.

In conversation the Allies got on about as well as they do in any other part of the globe. The Americans kidded the British about not being able to run fast enough toward the beach at Dunkerque, and the British complimented the Americans on their bull-slinging. One ex-prisoner recalled a stock phrase that the British would use when a Yank flyer was brought in: "28,000 feet, three engines out, pilot shot, no one at the controls, still climbing. Tell us what happened then."

An average day in the German hospital camp described to us moved slowly on a fairly regular schedule, starting at 0700 when the German guard came in with a blast on the whistle and a "*'raus.*"

Breakfast followed and it consisted of cool, weak tea and black cast-iron toast. At 0800 came a change of bandages. Actually there were few new bandages, and the best a man could do for himself was to wash his old dressings and use them over and over again. During the morning there was a recreation period and outdoor exercise, with Red Cross sports equipment. Volleyball was particularly popular.

At 1100 came a strong apology for lunch—great bowls of diluted barley soup with large hunks of horse meat floating around in it. Food parcels from the International Red Cross arrived once a week, and they eased the food situation. The men organized themselves into combines, based on the meat and fish tins in the Red Cross parcels. Each combine pooled its tins as well as its supplies of margarine and sugar. A combine was planned so that a whole tin was opened for one meal, and each man thus would get his rightful portion of food.

The prisoners were allowed a small stove and kindling wood, and, accompanied by a guard, they were permitted to get water for boiling. They even had a victory garden. "You ought to hear five grown men trying to divide two small onions evenly," a returned prisoner remarked. "They nearly bring down the barracks."

All the supplies of the combines were kept in a storeroom with two locks. The prisoners elected a quartermaster who had one key, and the German guard had the other.

Some of the German guards seemed quite human. "They knew the war was lost and they were just hoping that it would be over quickly," Goodwin said. The older guards were veterans of the last war. A lot of the younger ones were men who had been shipped home from Russia, either wounded or with frozen hands or feet.

"While some of the guards were decent, friendly fellows," our informant said, "there were usually enough Nazis around so that they all distrusted one another. The friendly guards talked to the prisoners only when nobody was looking. Some of them had been home on leave in the bombed cities and told us about the damage. They did not seem to hold it against the prisoners, not even the airmen—quite a contrast to the attitude of the German civilians who stoned the American and British flyers and cursed them whenever they saw them.

"There was one guard in charge of the bloodhounds, who in looks and temperament fitted his job perfectly. He'd get so mad at us that he'd threaten to set one of his pets, a huge, vicious Alsatian, on us. When he did that, we'd all run like hell back into the barracks and climb into the upper bunks.

"One day the guard was passing by a French prisoner, a big, powerful man. He dropped the leash, and the dog sprang at the Frenchman, right at his throat. The prisoner warded off the dog with his arm and then grabbed it by the throat and choked it. Then he raised the carcass over his head and slammed it down on the ground. That was that.

"Another time the guards set two dogs on some Russians. We heard a great uproar in the Russian barracks, and soon one of the dogs came flying out the window. The Russians ate the second dog.

"Another favorite outdoor sport, besides baiting the guards, was the singularly un-American activity of volunteering for details, particularly the wood detail. The Germans allowed the wood detail to go, under guard, beyond the camp limits for firewood for the little stove. Sometimes they'd be able to bring back apples along with the logs and branches. Then we'd have a mild form of apple pie. It was only about that thick, but it was quite a change in our diet."

Work details took up most of the afternoon. At 1800 everyone had to be back in the barracks, and at 2100 there was a bed check. Indoor amusements included every card game known, even a form of horse racing worked out with cards.

The prisoners built ship models and organized language classes, plays and concerts. The Red Cross sent them some musical instruments, and guitars are still on sale in Germany for about 700 or 800 marks. For a long time there was a great shortage in reading material, but eventually some books arrived. Direct news reports were very rare and unreliable, and in many of the camps the prisoners were cut off completely from the outside world.

About the most pathetically handled propaganda stunts were the camp newspapers. There were two separate editions, both printed in English, one for the Americans and one for the English prisoners. The American version was called the *O.K. News*, and it was signed "Overseas

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A prisoner should know his rights and ask for them firmly but politely. A man's dog tags are his life when he is interned in Germany. They clear his identity as a soldier. Otherwise he'd be turned over to the Gestapo as a political agent and probably be sent before a firing squad.

"We did not go over very big with the civilians. . . . They threw stones at us whenever we stopped at stations and they recognized us as flyers. 'Yahnke schweinhund,' they kept yelling at us, and if our guards were decent to us, they had an expression for them that meant 'Yankee lovers.'"

Kid." It featured pages of ingenuous lies and rumors about England, calculated to make the readers dislike and distrust the English. The English edition made a similar attempt to inflame the English prisoners against their allies. But the effect was often lost because the newspapers were distributed among the wrong nationalities.

MINOR rules and regulations were enforced very strictly in the military hospitals. Patients were allowed certain hours to smoke. If a prisoner was caught smoking at any other time he would get five days of solitary confinement on rations of watery soup and old bread.

For making too big a pass at one of the German nurses as she leaned over the cot on an errand of mercy, a prisoner could get anything up to 10 years. "It looks as if they were counting on a long war when they thought that one up," an American said. "There was one nurse, though, who was a very good skate. She used to let us smoke whenever we felt like it. Sometimes she even brought us cigarettes." Most of the nurses were well-meaning and efficient.

The few specimens of German womanhood that the prisoners saw seemed in fairly good working order. In one hospital near Frankfurt the prisoner-patients could look out of a window on the ground floor onto one of the main streets. There was a reassuring monotony in seeing the same blond patrol the same pavement night after night.

"Everyone in Germany is either a Nazi brown shirt or a village fuehrer and they all salute, even the civilians," a returned prisoner said. "Friends meeting on the street give each other the Nazi salute or, if they don't want to bother, just say 'Heil Hitler.' You should have seen some of their salutes. They'd bring their hands up feebly and then let them flop back to their sides again. It looked as if they were trying to get out of doing any heiling.

"Almost all the men wear uniforms and wooden shoes except the Russian labor conscripts. A lot of them just had old rags wrapped around their feet. I don't know how they ever lived. In the camp we used to throw food over the fence into their section, whenever the guard wasn't looking.

"When there are air raids, the German workers can go to the shelters, but the Russian and French conscripts have to stay in the factories. It's a queer feeling when you hear the raids in Germany and know that you are right under the bombs of your own countrymen. One night we really had it, and all the windows in the hospital were blown out. You ought to see Hamburg, though. We came through it on our way home. Everything was flat for miles and miles.

"You can see why we did not go over very big with the civilians. It seemed to me that the hospital staffs stood up under the raids, and the military element took them fairly well, but not the civilians. When I left Frankfurt, I had to take a streetcar to the station. A Russian conscript was sitting on the bench, also waiting for it, and next to him was an old German. The Russian got up and gave me his place, because I was still rather shaky and weak. When I sat down, the old German moved over as if I might contaminate him. When he saw that my leg was missing, he said in uncertain English: 'That is good. It is too bad that there are not a hundred more like you.' His daughter was with him, sitting beside a baby carriage. When her father made his crack about 'a hundred more like you,' she corrected him. 'You mean a thousand more,' she said. Fine people. When the streetcar came, the Russian helped me onto it and held me up all the way because nobody would give me a seat.

"They threw stones at us whenever we stopped at stations and they recognized us as flyers. *'Yahnke schweinhund,'* they kept yelling at us, and if our guards were decent to us, they had an expression for them that meant 'Yankee lovers'."

The prisoners obtained these brief glimpses of the Germans on their trips from one prison camp to another and on their final trip to the coast to take the boat to Sweden.

When the report of their repatriation first came through, the prisoners did not believe it. They had heard so many rumors of that kind over such a long period that the truth about their release was accepted very slowly and cautiously.

"Sweating out that repatriation was worse than anything else we ever lived through," Goodwin said. "We finally got all packed up and were taken to the station. We sat there for hours but nothing happened, and they took us back to camp. We had lost all our food parcels for the trip, and we had nothing to eat when we got back. The boys had given us a concert the night before, and it was awful for them and for us having to come back. It was four days before we were taken away again.

"All the time we kept thinking of the men who were on a mercy ship two years ago when the Nazis trumped up some damn excuse to call the deal off. That was when they were really riding high, but they've changed their tune somewhat since. Still we didn't feel safe until we got to Sweden. Even then we thought it wasn't real. We'd wake up sometimes and feel certain we were back in camp again. One of the fellows with us said that if there was any hitch or slowdown in Sweden, he was going to go deliberately haywire and smash a couple of shop windows or something so he could be jailed for a civil offense. It might not have worked, but he was determined to try it anyway.

"SWEDEN was a great preliminary, but the welcome they gave us at Liverpool was the real thing. All the way up the river the ships were giving us the V-for-Victory signal on their whistles. The crowds and the bands on the docks really made you feel you had rejoined the human race again. They were all English, though, and we thought that we'd have to let them know that there were some Yanks on board, so we all yelled: 'Who won the World Series?'

"It was even noisier on the ship, but they played swing music. It was the first we had heard in months, and you have to admit that's a terrible thing to do to one-legged men."

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Soldiers in the Indian Army are divided into many races that speak different languages and observe different customs. Here are some of the types of India's men in uniform.

MAHRATTA

PUNJABI MUSLIM

GURKHA

RAJPUT

PATHAN

SIKH

DOGRA

The Soldier of India

He never polices up the latrines or pulls KP because his uniform gives him a high social position. And, unlike YANK, his army weekly is printed in eight languages.

By Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

NEW DELHI, INDIA—The Indian soldier is in the army by choice, not necessity. He belongs to the world's largest all-volunteer army, a force of two million men enlisted from the many races and castes that form India's population.

Unlike the other armies of the world, there is no typical soldier in the Indian Army. The bearded 6-foot Sikh, the bald 5-foot, 2-inch Gurkha and the fierce-fighting Pathan are no more akin than a New England Yankee and a Fiji Islander. However, there are certain traits and customs that are common to all the varied types of Indian soldier.

One particular custom in the Indian Army will make any American GI turn green with envy. That's the tradition that no fighting man, even the lowest ranking *sepoy* or buck private, may be called upon to pull KP, latrine duty or any similar fatigue detail.

Under the strict Hindu caste system, the soldier ranks next to the Brahmin at the top of the social scale, and lower-class Indians are recruited as "followers" to do the menial jobs. A *mehtar* or sweeper does the latrine work and general policing up around the barracks area. Cooking is done by a *bawarchi* and a *khansama* is KP-pusher. A *bhisti* carries water to supply fighting men during battle. And the washing is done by a *dhobi*.

Some of these menial laborers have doubled as fighting men in critical stages of a battle. Several sweepers distinguished themselves as riflemen in the Arakan campaign in Burma. The *bhistis* have also shown great courage on the battlefield, taking water to the thirsty and wounded, unmindful of their own safety. Kipling's "Gunga Din" was an Indian Army *bhisti*.

In Indian Army training centers, Hindu and Moslem soldiers eat in separate mess halls in accordance with the age-old India practice of segregating the two religious groups. Cooks in "class company" units serve 100 men each, who are always all of the same kind—all Sikhs, all Muslims or all Mahrattas. However, in combat areas these strict eating restrictions are relaxed.

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This "class company" composition of Indian Army units applies only to the Infantry nowadays. The other services, particularly the Signal Corps and Medical Corps, enlist all classes in the same units. This has encouraged better understanding between the various classes, and some Indian observers believe the Army may eventually help to bridge even the traditional gap between Hindus and Moslems.

Except for headgear, all soldiers in the Indian Army wear similar uniforms; these are practically the same as the British Tommy's battle dress. The *sepoy* calls his shirt a *camise* and his shorts are "half pants" while his full-length woolen socks are *jorab* and his shoes *juti*. His puttees are called just that; the English word "puttee" is derived from the Hindustani *patti*, meaning "wrapping."

The most striking part of the *sepoy's* uniform is his *pugree* or turban. Except for Gurkhas and Garhwalis, both of whom wear the Australian-type slouch hat, all Indian troops wear the *pugree*. Each class has a distinctive way of winding it. The Sikh prefers a closely bound style that envelops his flowing hair, the Madrassai winds his *pugree* around a high cone shape and the Mahratta's is loosely bound.

After he passes his physical examination, the Indian Army recruit—who must be between the ages of 18 and 30—is assigned to a training center. There he gets six months of instruction in the use of weapons, close-order drill, military courtesy and basic soldiering. He is recruited for a particular branch of the service and remains in that line for his entire army career, not being able to transfer as the U. S. soldier may do.

After completing six months of rigorous training—30-mile-a-day marches with full packs are a standard part of the course—the Indian recruit is given two weeks of *chuti* before joining the regiment in whose training battalion he has been getting his basic instruction. His railroad fare home is paid by the Army as on each subsequent *chuti*. According to the books, the *sepoy* is entitled to one month's leave a year but is not likely to get the full amount in wartime.

There are two types of native commissioned officers in the Indian Army. Those holding the rank of second lieutenant or up are known as King's Commissioned Indian Officers (KCIOs) while the others are Viceroy Commissioned Officers (VCOs).

The VCOs are men from the ranks who have displayed outstanding leadership. Their commissions come from the Viceroy, the British-appointed executive of the Indian Government. The highest ranking VCO is a *subedar-major*, who corresponds roughly to our warrant officer. The other VCO ranks are *subedar* and *jemadar*, corresponding to master sergeant and technical sergeant. VCOs wear red and yellow bands beneath their shoulder insignia.

The KCIOs are graduates of officer-training schools and rank equally with British officers serving in the Indian Army. Because most Indian Army recruits come from small villages where there are no schools, only a limited number of enlisted men have the education to qualify for OTS. The bulk of KCIO candidates come from India's many junior military schools, but war needs have greatly increased the number of VCOs and noncommissioned officers admitted to OTS.

These junior military schools, known as the King George Royal Indian Military Schools, are maintained by the Government for the education of sons of Indian Army soldiers. The outstanding graduates of these schools are selected to continue their military education at the Indian Military Academy at Dehra Dun, where they can qualify for King's Commissions. Those with less brilliant records usually join the Army as *sepoys* but quickly advance to noncommissioned and VCO ranks.

The NCO grades in the Indian Army are *havildar* (sergeant), *naik* (corporal), and *lance-naik* (lance corporal). Indian noncoms wear the standard British-type chevrons.

The Indian soldier usually addresses his KCIOs as "*Hazoor*," meaning "your honor," and his VCOs as "*Subedar Sahib*" or "*Jemadar Sahib*." He uses the British "palms out" style of saluting, snapping to rigid attention while doing so.

Military courtesy is one of his outstanding qualities. The Indian soldier also has complete faith in the judgment of his officers. Like Tennyson's men of the "Light Brigade," he believes that "ours is not to reason why."

Field hockey is the *sepoy's* favorite form of athletics; Indian athletes hold the world championship in that sport. The Indian soldier also plays soccer and volleyball, and likes to wrestle.

He keeps himself informed about world affairs by attending current-events discussions and reading the three Army publications. The discussions are conducted several times a month by the battalion education officer. Most popular of the magazines is *Fauji Akbar* (News of the Army), an illustrated weekly published in eight Indian languages. There is also a semi-weekly, *Jang-Ki-Khabren* (News of the War), and a monthly, *Jang-Ki-Tasviren* (War in Pictures).

The Indian soldier calls a goldbricker a *kamchor*, while a perpetual snafuer is known as a *be-wakuf*, which means "senseless." The company apple polisher is called a *toady* and, if he carries his bucking too far, *toady-bacha*, meaning "son of a toady," the crowning insult.

Each Infantry regiment of the Indian Army has an individual class composition. Rajputs, Dogras, Jats, Punjabi Muslims, and so on are assigned only to companies of their own class or caste. This system has fostered intense unit loyalty. Companies of Jats and Punjabi Muslims gave a stirring example of this at Jebel Garci, near Enfidaville, during the Tunisian campaign.

The Jats were spearheading their battalion's advance when their company commander was mortally wounded. Havildar-Major Chhelu Ram immediately took over command and rallied his men to continue the advance in the face of withering machine-gun fire. At the same time he reorganized the Punjabi Muslims who had also lost their company commander.

After bitter fighting, both the Jats and Muslims began to run low on ammunition. At last they were forced to throw stones and rocks to ward off the German counter-attack. Realizing the attack would fail unless his men were whipped up to almost superhuman efforts, Ram ran from man to man shouting: "Jats never retreat! Muslims never retreat! We will advance! Advance! Advance!"

Spurred by his appeal to their class honor, the Jats and Muslims checked the counterattack with a bayonet drive of their own and eventually gained the objective, enabling the entire battalion's advance to continue. Havildar-Major Ram was wounded during the bayonet charge but refused to be carried to the rear until the attack had succeeded. He died a few minutes later. For his gallantry and leadership, Ram was posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross.

Half of the men in the Indian Army are Hindus, including the Dogras, the Gurkhas, the Mahrattas and the Rajputs. Moslems account for 34 percent more, and of these the friendly Punjabi Muslims make up the largest single class of troops. Sikhs form another 10 percent and the remaining 6 percent is composed of other sects.

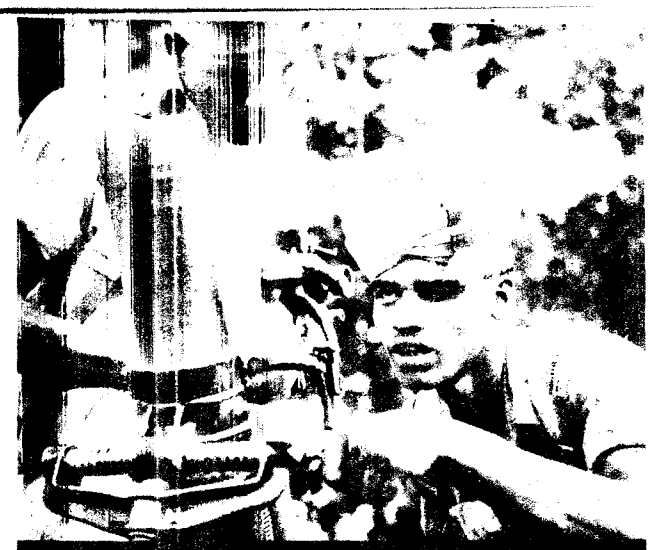
Indian Army units have both British and Indian officers, and some of the branches of service—the Signal Corps, the Sappers and Miners (Engineers) and the Service Corps—are partly composed of British enlisted men. In addition, each Indian division has three battalions of British troops assigned to it; an Infantry brigade, for example, may include a battalion of Sikhs, a battalion of Rajputan Rifles and a battalion of the Royal Sussex (British) Regiment.

When the war broke out, there were 177,000 Indian and 43,000 British troops in the Indian Army. Today Indian volunteers have brought the total up to almost two million, not counting British units. Almost a million troops have been sent to overseas fronts, where they have fought with distinction. The Indian Army has suffered over 100,000 casualties, mostly in Malaya.

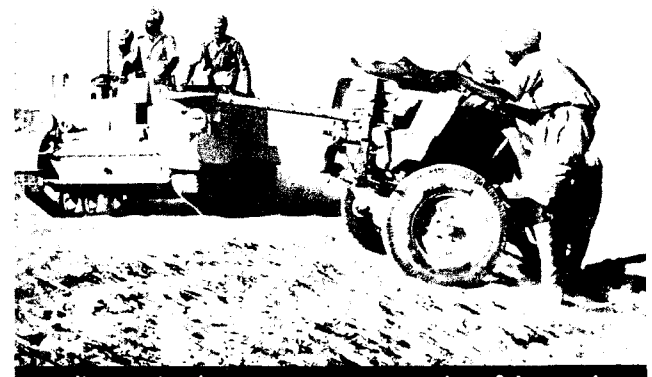
In the present Italian campaign, Rajput troops landed with the Fifth Army at Salerno and are fighting with it in the drive on Rome. Indian troops were the last-ditch defenders of Hong Kong and Burma, and will probably spearhead the coming Allied campaign to retake Burma.

But the Indian Army is proudest of the 4th Indian Division. Formed in the Middle East in October, 1939, the 4th took part in continuous action in Africa.

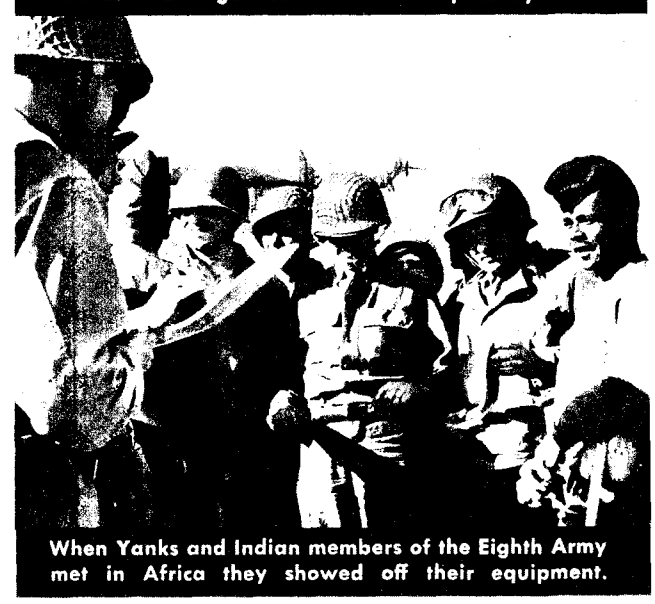
Its first exploit was the capture of Sidi Barrani from the Italians in December, 1940, a supposedly well-fortified stronghold that fell in just three days. That rout was the first crack in Mussolini's empire. Moving on to Eritrea, the 4th joined the 5th Indian Division in taking Agordat and Keren, virtual end of Italian fighting in East Africa.



A soldier who has fought in Burma, and is ready for another go at the Japs, sights up a mortar.



Indian antitank gunners get weapon into firing position as a Bren-gun carrier starts to pass by them.



When Yanks and Indian members of the Eighth Army met in Africa they showed off their equipment.

Pulled back to the Western Desert when the Germans started their offensive in Libya, the 4th fought at Sollum and Capuzzo. It was transferred to Palestine in May 1941 for the Syrian campaign. The 5th Brigade of the 4th Division started the advance into Syria, climaxed by the capture of Damascus.

Back again in the Western Desert, the 4th took part in the see-saw battling there from September 1941 until the autumn of 1942, when the final mop-up began. It was the 5th Brigade of the 4th Division that pulled out of line and cracked open a gap for British armor to follow through from El Alamein in late October.

Moving on to Benghazi, the 4th trailed the retreating Axis forces to the Mareth Line. After assisting in the capture of Enfidaville, the Indian division was pulled out by Gen. Sir Harold Alexander and sent with several British units on an overnight swing around Medjez-el-Bab to join Lt. Gen. Kenneth Anderson's British First Army for the final run into Tunis.

But the climax of the 4th's service in Africa came when units were sent into the hills southeast of Tunis to clean up the remnants of German resistance. Among the hundreds of prisoners taken was the campaign's big prize, Col. Gen. Jurgen von Arnim, who was captured by the CO of a Gurkha unit and his Gurkha orderly.

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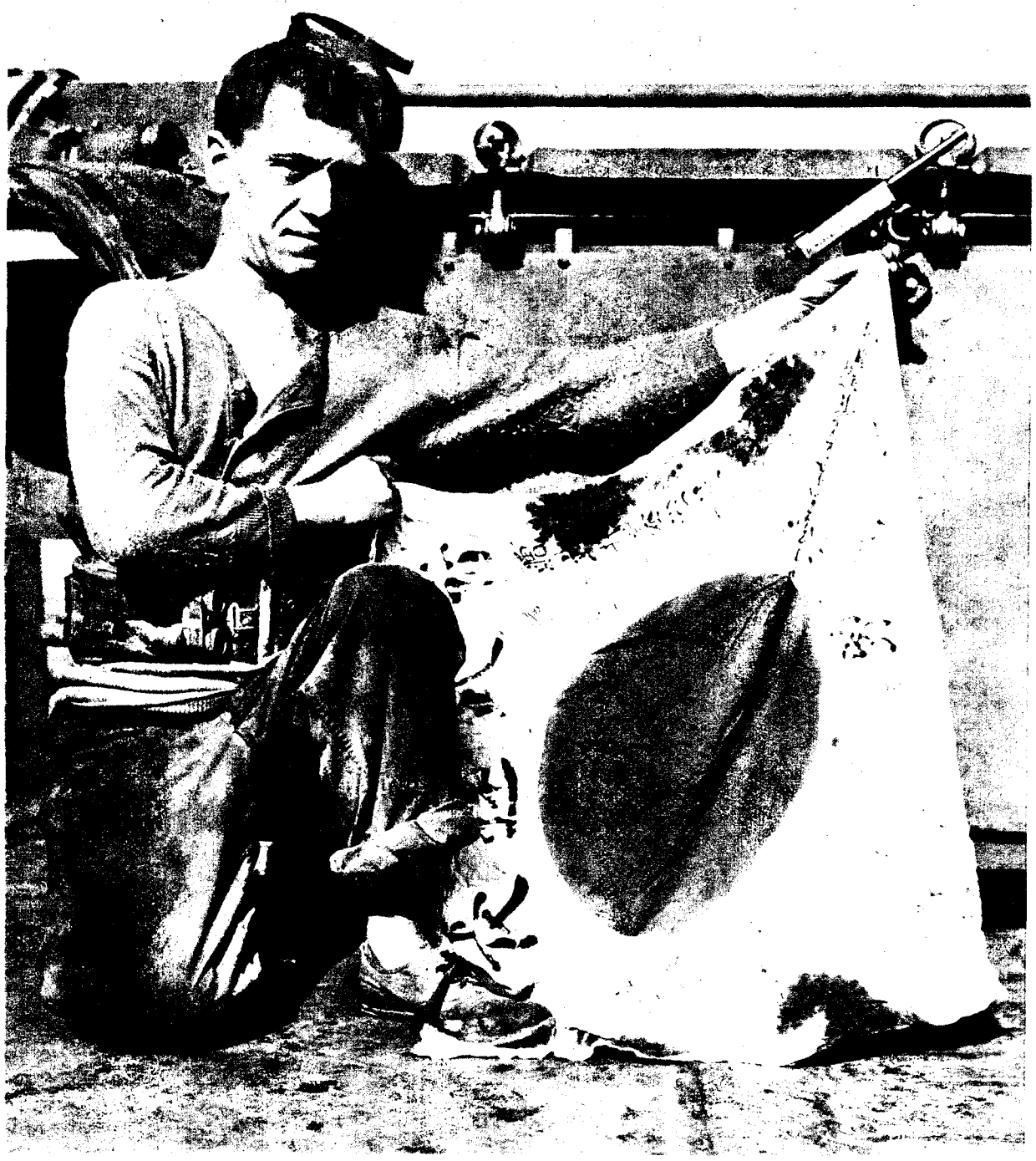
TIMMENS WITH JAP BATTLE FLAG HE FOUND ON MAKIN AND PISTOL WITH WHICH SIX JAPS KILLED THEMSELVES.



Dutchy Wasn't Big Enough for the Army, But the Japs Will Never Believe It

By Cpl. LARRY McMANUS
YANK Staff Correspondent

MAKIN ATOLL, THE GILBERTS—Nicholas Johannes Timmens was too small for service with the Army of the Netherlands. When the arm of the height recorder was placed on top of his round, blond head, it registered only five feet and two inches.

So when he joined his father and two sisters in Baldwin, N. Y., five months before Hitler marched into the Amsterdam he had just left, Dutchy, in contrast to most European-born boys, had had no military experience.

But if the Dutch recruiting sergeant who rejected him ever hears about the action on Makin, he will be more careful about turning men down merely because they are below average height.

Dutchy is now a legend among the men of his unit and is known to many soldiers from other outfits that participated in the Makin attack.

Among other things, Dutchy took an afternoon nap during the operations, played "God Bless America" on a captured harmonica within hearing of the enemy, threw a Jap grenade out of his foxhole before it could explode, killed six Japs and helped capture several more.

The first Jap Dutchy saw was an officer, who was standing with both hands behind his neck, facing Dutchy's lieutenant. As the American officer motioned to the Jap to raise his hands higher, the Jap dashed forward and slashed the lieutenant on the wrist and ankle with one wild stroke of a saber he had concealed behind his back.

Somebody shot the Jap and Dutchy's group advanced and threw grenades into a large, rectangular pillbox made of sand and coconut logs. Dutchy shot two Japs who ran out after the grenades exploded.

Then others came out with their hands raised, and Dutchy and his buddies kept them covered until they were sent to the rear. When the squad was ordered to advance, Dutchy wouldn't go.

"I saw two more Japs in there," he explained later in his thick accent, "and damned if I was going to leave until the dugout was empty."

Dutchy took a position in a nearby shell hole and covered the pillbox's single exit with his carbine.

"Pretty soon three of them came running out and tried to get away so I shot them. Then I saw another face peeking out at me. This one was holding his head in both hands. I hollered at him, 'Come out of there, you little bastard,' and motioned to him, but he stayed there for 15 minutes looking at me.

"Finally he came out. I told him to put his hands up, and he would but he'd bring them right down again. He must have got excited, for he tried to run away and I had to shoot him, too."

More grenades were tossed in, and Dutchy took charge of the prisoners smoked out by the explosions and marched them to the beachhead.

"It was a little after noon then," Dutchy said, "so I ate some of my K rations and took a nap before advancing again."

It was comparatively dull that night, with only snipers and mosquitoes to bother him, and a machine-gun nest in a wrecked Jap flying boat nearby.

Next day Dutchy got a battle flag from a dead Jap and later in the day found the bodies of six Jap officers in another large plane.

"Five of them were seated in a circle," he said, "and the other in the center. It looked like one had shot all the others, then shot himself. Each had a hole in his right temple."

Dutchy got the pistol that was used.

Dutchy's patrol stopped at a Jap hospital and searched it before digging in for the night. Dutchy found the Jap pay roll and grabbed a sack of money, most of it already in separate envelopes for distribution to the garrison.

He also found a harmonica and played "God Bless America." "I hope those damned Japs heard it," he said afterward.

At 2200 Dutchy was on guard while his two companions in the foxhole were sleeping. A grenade landed on the pile of dirt beside their hole.

"A piece of 'scrapnel' hit my helmet," Dutchy said, pointing to his head, "and one of the guys moved to another hole. Pretty soon I felt something fall in the foxhole between the other guy and myself. I grabbed it and threw it as far as I could. It was a grenade.

"That was too much. I knew the Japs knew where we were so I leaped like a toad out of that hole and pressed myself flat against the ground like a coin.

"I didn't move all night. The mosquitoes walked on my hands and my face and stung me, but I stayed there with my arms stretched out ahead of me until it got light."

Next day his outfit was sent to the rear, Dutchy proudly carrying the Jap flag and pistol. Soon afterward he was put on KP.

Dutchy's battle with the Japs was over.

Add Fruits of Victory: What This Iran Corporal Wants is a Door

IRAN—I got this spiel from a corporal in a headquarters who wouldn't give me his name. "The whole thing sounds too silly," he said.

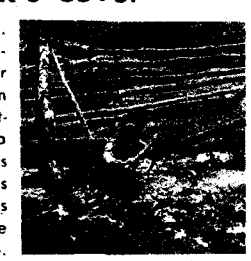
"What do you think you'll go for most after you get home?" I had asked him, making conversation while cooling my heels outside an office.

"A door," he said. "Just a good, thick, well-oiled door. A door that isn't warped and isn't too big for its frame and isn't so small that you can see acres of daylight through the cracks. A door with a real, honest-to-God knob that turns and a lock you can hear click into its right place. A door that doesn't squeak. It's been over a year since I've seen a door like that."

"When I get home, I'll open it and then swing it closed easy-like and sit and watch it and listen to it snick shut. And then I'll do it all over again.

"That's what I want. A door." —Sgt. AL HINE
YANK Staff Correspondent

This Week's Cover



THE camera of YANK's Sgt. Steve Derry clicked a moment after this U.S. Ranger had cleared an obstacle on an assault course in Scotland, catching him knee deep in the goo. The Ranger is doing his best to keep his weapon clear of the mud as he pulls out to race for the next barrier on the course.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover—Sgt. Steve Derry. 2 & 3—Sgt. George Aarons. 6 & 7—Inter Service Public Relations Directorate, India. 9—Left, Signal Corps; right, Sgt. Aarons. 11—U. S. Navy. 12 & 13—Upper, Sgt. John Frano; lower, Pfc. Charles Roman. 16—Upper (left to right): Signal Corps, Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.; Tuskegee AAF, Ala.; Infantry School. Center (left to right): Signal Corps, Camp Edwards, Mass.; CRTC, Fort Riley, Kans. Lower (left to right): Meck-'n-Meteor, Long Beach, Calif.; Signal Corps. 17—Upper, Fort Belvoir, Va.; lower, AAF Training Command. 20—United Artists. 21—Acme. 23—Upper, PA; lower, Acme.

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Rinsky, Sled Dog That Rescued Flyers on Ice Cap, Dies in Greenland

SOMEWHERE IN GREENLAND—It was a sad day for M/Sgt. Joe Healy of Dorchester, Mass. Rinsky, his snow-white lead dog, was dead.

For three years, Rinsky and Healy had been constant companions. The dog was born in Little America, close to the South Pole, where Healy was stationed as a member of Rear Adm. Richard E. Byrd's Expedition. When Healy went north, so did Rinsky. Before he was a year old, the flop-eared pup had crossed both the Antarctic and the Arctic Circles by plane.

Early in the spring of 1943, Rinsky led a crack dog team across Greenland's bleak ice cap in a successful rescue of the crew of a plane that had cracked up five months before.

By-passing dangerous crevasses and plowing over vast furrowed snow fields on the windswept cap, Healy and his dogs saved several lives. For his part in the rescue work, the sergeant was awarded an Oak Leaf Cluster to the Soldier's Medal. Rinsky was content with a friendly cuffing around from Healy and a couple of extra helpings of meat from the mess hall.

Healy, who is still busy with his dogs, misses the way Rinsky used to engineer the team, the way he used to throw his head over his shoulder, emit a growl from deep in his chest and ram forward into the harness.

But Healy is not without consolation. In September, before Rinsky died of a twisted intestine, five little Rinskies, all snow-white, flop-eared pups, were born. If even one proves as good as his father, Healy will be satisfied.

—Sgt. ED O'MEARA
YANK Field Correspondent

Ingenious Iceland T-4 Brings Age of Electricity to a Nissen Hut

SOMEWHERE IN ICELAND—Marconi, Edison and the post utilities officer would gnash their teeth and yell "uncle" if they could see how an electricity-minded T-4 from Chicago has shackled the power in the Nissen hut where he lives.

Not satisfied with tapping the single power outlet with nine bed-lamp extensions for his buddies, the 26-year-old Signal Corpsman has rigged up a radio, an electric phonograph, a telephone, a microphone that broadcasts through the radio and a communications line that provides the occupants of a nearby hut with radio programs when a master switch is connected.

In Next Week's YANK . . .

PICTURES OF CAPTURED GERMAN AND JAPANESE MOTOR VEHICLES

Four pages of valuable photographs of enemy tanks, trucks and other motorized equipment captured on the battlefields of Africa and the Pacific, with detailed instructions on their construction and how to drive them.

Add an indoor aerial and a clothesline to the picture, and the squatty hut resembles a GI obstacle course. When pranksters want to slip someone a hot foot, they merely wrap a piece of wire around the victim's bed and let the power lines do the rest.

The camp electrician was befuddled recently when a short in the main electric line blackened the area. All signs pointed to the network of wires as the cause. But the electrician gave up his investigations in a hurry; there were so many plugs, sockets and wires he couldn't figure the system out. Fortunately for the electrician and the Chicago sergeant, the defect was located later in a neighboring hut.

Favorite invention of the sergeant himself is the "automatic stove opener" that heats the hut before the bugler sounds the harsh strains of reveille. Wires are attached to the stove's draft and extended along the floor to nearby bunks. A master sergeant who is the hut leader sets the alarm clock for 0500, one hour before reveille.

At 0500 the alarm awakens two "wire jerks" who yank the wires to change the carefully banked pot-belly stove into a sizzling inferno. Then they slide back under the covers and grab another hour of shut-eye before it's time to get up.

This system isn't foolproof yet. The other morning one of the wires slipped from its catch and the wire jerk, a 36-year-old Ordnance pfc. from Chicago, groaned: "Dammit, it's too cold to fix the stove now." He rolled over and soon was snoring happily. That morning the men missed reveille formation, and the hut leader was socked with extra duty—bashing cans after working hours.

The champion electrician of Iceland's AEF isn't happy unless he's splicing wires or creating new gadgets. He was in his glory when a hutmate, a T-5 from Fort Wayne, Ind., remarked: "Fellows, look's like there are mice around. I think we should chip in and buy a mouse trap."

That was the handy man's cue. "We don't need a trap," he said. "I'll hook up a connection and we'll electrocute the blamed things." And he did.

—Sgt. GENE GRAFF
YANK Field Correspondent

Yanks in Britain Can Purchase Favorite Magazine From GI Newsie

SOMEWHERE IN BRITAIN—The ETO's first official GI newsie is Pfc. Oscar Spielberg of the Bronx, N. Y., who operates a stand built by Special Service at an Eighth Air Force station.

It's got plenty of class, this newsstand, a lot more than the job Pfc. Spielberg used to run back at the corner of Grand Concourse and Fordham Road. Though it sells only YANK and the *Stars and Stripes*, we're happy to say that the newsie reports no kicks from his customers.

Or rather, just one kick—and here is Oscar's own version of that: "Everything was going swell," he says. "The guys that didn't have the change I would trust, something I would never do at Grand Concourse and Fordham Road. Nobody asked for personal delivery, and ripped copies went as easy as whole ones. Then this happens.

"A mug by name of Paul Klinger—he's nothing more than a pfc. either, see?—comes up to my stand and says, very fancy: 'Newsboy, I should like to have a copy of the *Berwick Enterprise*.' I look at him, figuring Berwick's some burg around here, and I tell him: 'Come back tomorrow, Bud.' Well, he comes back tomorrow—and for a week straight, even on a Sunday.

"It seems he won't take what's good enough for everybody else in this camp—our own YANK and *Stars and Stripes*. No, that's not good enough for him. I even offer him some British racing forms, which I'm saving to send home to my mom on Mother's Day.

"After a week of this bothering, I ask him near where is this *Berwick Enterprise* printed, and if it is a newspaper or what.

"'My good man,' he says to me, 'of course it is a newspaper, and I am surprised you never heard of it. For your information, it has a paid circulation of 3,465, and Berwick is in Pennsylvania, near Wapwallopen and Shickshinny.'

"I got rid of him quick when I heard such words. I sent him to the Red Cross. That straightened him out. They let him read the *Bronx Home News*."

—YANK Staff Correspondent

AUSTRALIAN CHORUS. A couple of GIs showing their soles in good company. They joined up with some fancy steppers, part of an Aussie troupe entertaining Yanks in Australia.

REUNION IN ITALY. Pvt. Alvin Bailey (center) introduces his mother, a Wac just come over, to 1st Sgt. Edward Hillan.

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HOME TOWNS IN WARTIME

RABAUL, New Britain

By Pvt. JOHN McLEOD
YANK Staff Correspondent

NEW GUINEA—One fellow around Fifth Air Force advance echelon headquarters doesn't know whether to be happy or not about the poundings being dished out to Rabaul these days.

He's S/Sgt. Colin Darbyshire of the Australian Imperial Force liaison office, who for 10 years, up until October 1941, called Rabaul his home.

Sgt. Darbyshire is especially touchy about mention of Lakunai and Vunakanau airstrips. As a draftsman working for the Australian government, he helped plan both strips—one of which was completed just in time for the Japs to use.

And every time the sergeant reads or hears of a bombing of Rapopo drome he can't help wondering if a stray bomb fell on his home at nearby Kokopo.

Rabaul used to be a little paradise, Sgt. Darbyshire will tell you. Although Rabaul wasn't much of a town if you judge it by size, it was by far the largest and most important settlement in any of the islands immediately north of Australia. As a center of activity, it compared to Port Moresby and Lae as New York City would compare with Yonkers or Schenectady.

Rabaul had a permanent population of only about 2,000 persons. About 750 of these were Australians and Europeans. The rest were mostly Chinese, with a few Japs and Malays. But on the Gazelle Peninsula surrounding Rabaul there was a population of better than 60,000 more or less industrious natives.

Rabaul was laid out by the Germans when they were in control of the Bismarck Archipelago prior to the first World War and was, accordingly, built in neat squares, with the streets running east and west and the avenues running north and south. Each street was lined with gardens of brilliant tropical flowers, and huge shade trees made each thoroughfare a tunnel of green.

Every soldier in the Southwest and South Pacific is looking forward to visiting this town and having a few ice-cream sodas at its American-style drug store opposite Masonic Hall on Mango Avenue or maybe sipping some more interesting concoction at one of the bars in the Cosmopolitan, Pacific, Rabaul and North Coast Hotels.

Rabaul citizens were especially proud of their Malaguna Road, centered with palms for a mile and a half of its length. It was paved with asphalt as were the main business street, Mango Avenue, and other principal thoroughfares of the town. Other hard-surfaced roads extended for miles out into Rabaul's hinterland.

The town boasted a taxi service of 26 cars, not counting numerous cabs operated by the Chinese. A car could be rented for a half hour for two bob. Almost every "substantial" resident had his own car in which to take joy rides on hot evenings.

"There was pretty nearly always something doing in Rabaul," Sgt. Darbyshire recalls. "If you were a religious sort of person, you could go to a Roman Catholic, Church of England, Methodist or Seventh Day Adventist Church.

"People with other inclinations had their choices of the bars of the Rabaul, Pacific and Cosmopolitan Hotels. They served Melbourne beer and all the standard liquors. A favorite spot for a special occasion was the North Coast Hotel, seven miles from town at Wunawutung Point. Tourists gathered there, too."

The town had its own ice and power plants, telephone service and a newspaper the *Rabaul Times*. There was generally an island steamer of some sort at one of the harbor's four wharves, and a regular airplane passenger service to Salamaua, Moresby and Townsville. And you could get in touch with the mainland by radio.

"American drug-store cowboys," Sgt. Darbyshire said with a smile, "would feel right at home in the New Guinea Drug Store, opposite the Masonic Hall on Mango Avenue. Unlike Australian chemists' shops, it served ice cream and soft drinks at a long counter with stools. It was the Rabaul younger set's favorite afternoon hangout. At night they would generally go to a movie at the Regent Theater.

"Rabaul's favorite sports were racing and baseball. The Rabaul Amateur Turf Club put on races the year around, importing horses from the mainland for the big events. The whole town turned out for league baseball games between teams representing the town's business firms. The Chinese, too, went in for baseball in a big way.

"The two social clubs were the Rabaul Club, for the upper crust, and the New Guinea Club, for other socialites. Some belonged to both clubs. These clubs had concrete and lawn tennis courts, and there were other courts kept up by business firms for their employees.

"Down near the beach was the Olympic swimming pool, and near it was a paddle pool and playground for children."

On a hill overlooking the town was a modern hospital, the European.

"One of the glories of Rabaul, though," said Sgt. Darbyshire, "was that we didn't have much use for the hospital. Rabaul was (he accented the "was") one of the healthiest spots in the islands. Thanks to an antimalaria program, mosquitoes were practically nonexistent. We didn't even sleep under mosquito nets."

Rabaul's biggest business was in trading copra and pearl shell, but a growing business in coffee had started. Tourists were dropping in all the time, too.

"We roasted and ground all our own coffee," Sgt. Darbyshire said. "And I'd be willing to bet a little that after we have Rabaul back again, you Yanks will be agreeing it's the best Java you ever tasted."

The largest firm at Rabaul was the powerful trading concern of Burns Philp & Co. Ltd. This and several other Australian competitors dwarfed the Japanese rival of Nanyo Boyeki Kaisha. Another Japanese concern was the Nagahama shipyards, and Tsurushima's was a big clothing and curio store in Chinatown.

Probably the natives are still talking about the little Chinese tailor who was jealous of the Japanese store's competition. When Rabaul received the news that the Japs were in the war, the little tailor dashed to the police headquarters and applied for a permit to slit Tsurushima's throat.

Sgt. Darbyshire wasn't in Rabaul when that happened and the Japanese residents were interned. Two months before the beginning of hostilities he went to attend an army school in Sydney and his family was with him.

"But, frankly," says the sergeant, "it wouldn't hurt my feelings a bit to march into Rabaul one of these days and find the Nagahama shipyards, Tsurushima's and the Nanyo Boyeki Kaisha warehouse blown higher than Vulcan volcano."

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1. On the first day, soon after they were forced down, the men sit on their plane's wing with life rafts inflated, ready to abandon ship if it breaks up.

2. Is it a plane, or a gull? One of the men has taken out a pair of binoculars a is sweeping the skies. There is nothing to do but quietly watch and w

3. But they can still divide a day with resting and eating. This is chow time, with emergency rations. Eyes stray over the Pacific and ears listen for a plane.

4. A couple of days have gone by. The sun is out and the waves are small a man can take a nap on the plane's wing while the others keep watchi

DOWN AT SEA

These pictures were taken by Lts. L. W. Frawley and F. J. Whiteside of the crew of a plane that came down in the Pacific off Panama. On the third day adrift they were res

5. It's not the sea bird that makes him grin. Off in the distance they've sighted a speck and it seems to have the shape of a flying boat.

6. No mistake, you don't need binoculars to see that it's a Navy ship, and with it comes end to watching and wondering. Now that their position is known, rescue will come soo

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MP Sgt. William G. Fontenot (right) stands guard on a steep, crowded and flea-ridden street in the Casbah.

Behind the Lines

Camp Stevens in the South Pacific was built to give GIs a rest but was made as un-GI as possible. You can play any game, basketball for example, at any time.

One of the popular features of the island camp is talking with Mary Lou Hastings and Mary Howard who run the Red Cross canteen.

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n Algerian lady (not Hedy Lamarr) wants some information from Pfc. Isidore Breton.

Light from the sky cuts into Casbah streets with difficulty.

atives draw water from a fountain under the curious eyes of an officer and an MP.

Two MPs on patrol descend a stairway out of the Casbah.

One of the few things at Stevens that smacks of the old routine. You line up to regis- and get blankets and mosquito bars issued to you. After that you're on your own.

At registration soldiers are assigned to tents for their one to three days' stay. They can have as much sleep as they want.

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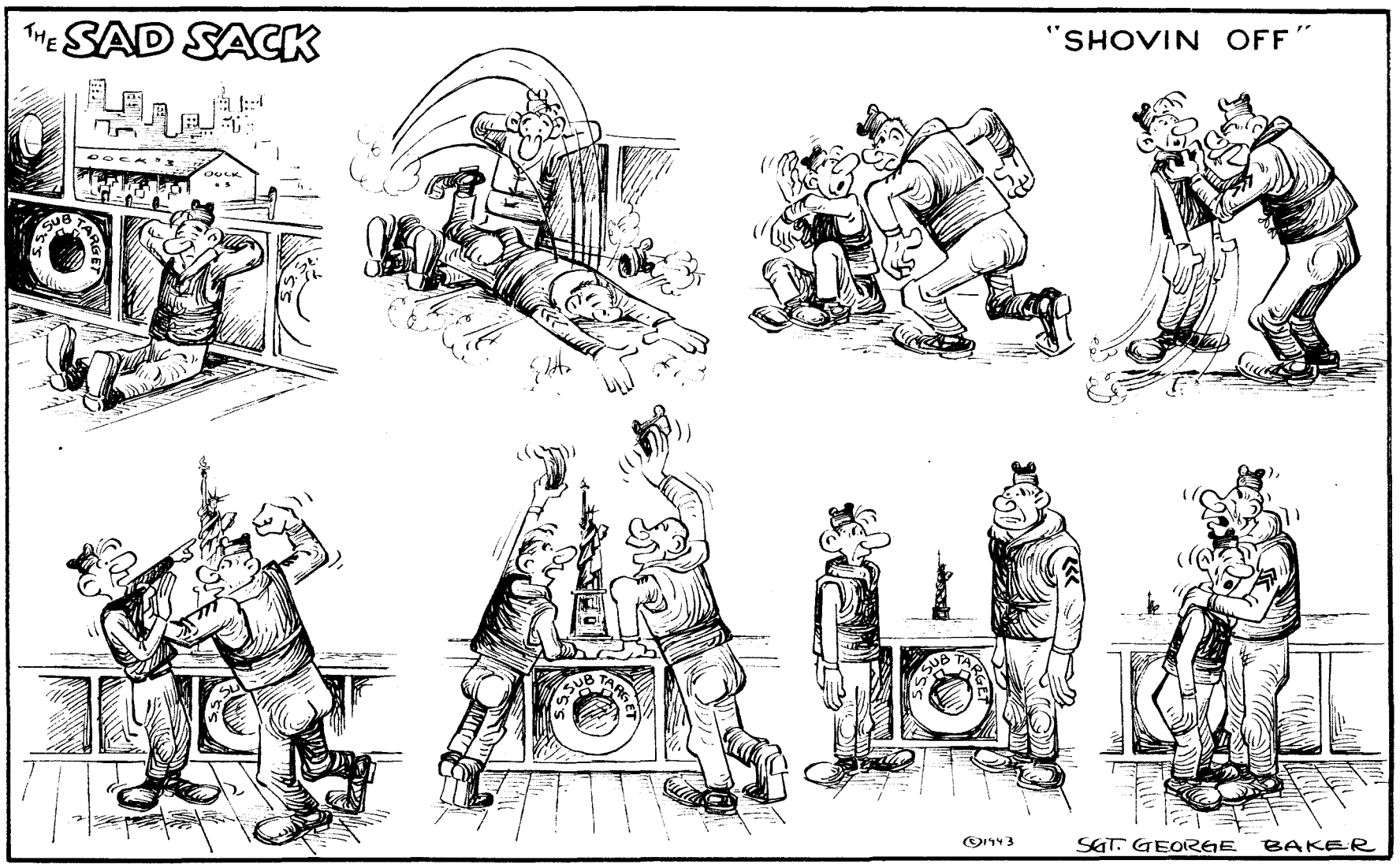
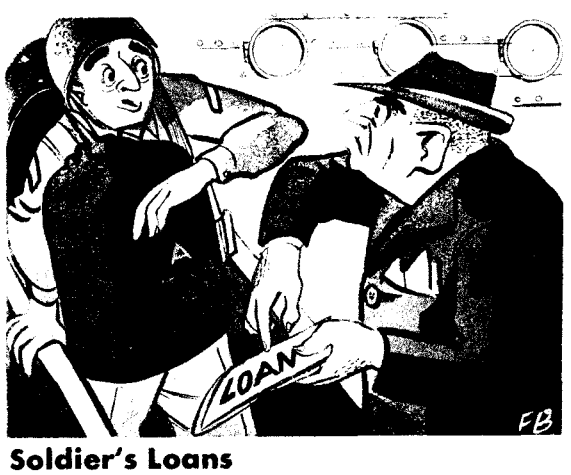


What's Your Problem?



Soldier's Loans

Dear YANK:

Before I was inducted I borrowed money from a loan company. The money was to be paid back within six months, but since my income is much less than it was in civilian life I haven't been able to make any payments on this loan. I am worrying about whether I will have to pay interest on my loan (for all the months after the initial six months) when the war is over. In other words, is interest charged on the loans of soldiers who are unable to pay because of their being in service?

Camp Carson, Colo. —Pfc. D. O'DEA

■ The obligations of a serviceman may bear interest, but for the period of his military service after Oct. 6, 1942, the rate of interest on such obligations cannot exceed 6 percent per annum, unless a court decides that his ability to pay is not materially affected by his being in service. [Sec. 206, Soldiers' and Sailors' Civil Relief Act of 1940, as amended, Public Law 932, 77th Congress, approved Oct. 6, 1942.]

Vocational Training

Dear YANK:

I am about to get a CDD. Because of certain injuries I won't be able to work at my old job. Can I get vocational training from the Government and will they pay for it?

Fort Dix, New Jersey —Cpl. JOHN DEVRY

■ You are entitled to vocational training if (1) you receive an honorable discharge, (2) your disability is service-connected, (3) your disability is rated at 10 percent or more, (4) you need vocational rehabilitation to overcome the handicap caused by your disability. Disabled veterans may receive such training for as long as four years, with the Government paying all fees and tuition. Get in touch with a representative of the Veterans Administration or make contact with the American Red Cross.

Class E Allotment-of-Pay

Dear YANK:

I understand that soldiers can authorize deductions from their pay every month to be sent home in addition to their family allowances. If I make out one of these allotments-of-pay, must I always send the same amount each month, or can I vary it from time to time?

New Caledonia —Pvt. J. J. OLTROBUS

■ Class E Allotments may be increased, decreased or discontinued at any time.

Dear YANK:

I am writing to determine if my mother is entitled to dependency benefits. Since I am the oldest of a family of nine, my mother depends on me to keep the household going, although my dad works. Not wishing to claim something that I am not entitled to according to Army regulations, could you enlighten me on what to do?

India —Lt. J. S. CHIARELLA

■ Dependents of officers are not eligible to receive dependency benefits. If, however, you want to continue to contribute to her support, you may send her money each month by a Class E allotment-of-pay. Class E allotments are entirely voluntary and all men irrespective of grade have the privilege of making them. See your Finance officer.

Qualifications for Paratroops

Dear YANK:

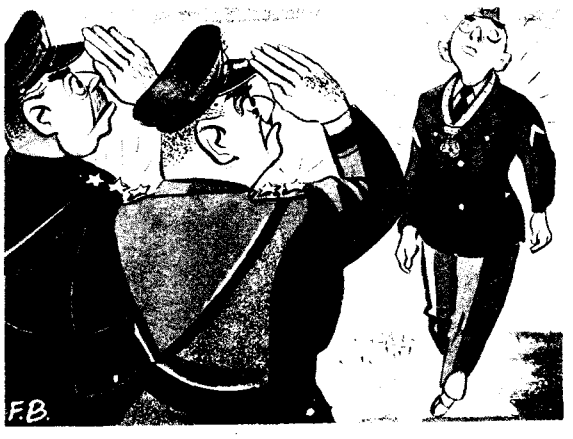
I have been in the Army for two months and am anxious to get into the parachute troops. What are the general qualifications and how long after the transfer becomes effective will I start drawing jump pay?

Camp Wolters, Tex. —Pvt. E. R. LUIKER

■ You have to complete your basic training before you can be assigned to the paratrooper school. The only way to apply is through regular military channels; that is, see your top kick and ask for parachute training. Army Regulations require that such an application be forwarded within a specific time.

General qualifications are as follows: age, between 18 and 32; weight, below 185 pounds; height, below 72 inches; vision, 20/40 each eye uncorrected; no recent venereal disease. You must have good feet, bones, joints and muscles, and your nervous system and blood pressure must meet certain standards.

After taking your physical and psychological tests, you get four weeks' training at Fort Benning, Ga., where you will learn parachute packing and practice jumping from towers and get your first real jumps which will qualify you for paratrooper's wings. You will start to receive your jumping bonus, which is base pay plus a $50 bonus each month, while you are in the paratrooper school at Fort Benning. After four weeks' training there you will be assigned to a paratroop unit for tactical training.



Extra Pay for Decorations

Dear YANK:

What are the rights and privileges that go with the award of various medals? Also, is an enlisted man who holds the Congressional Medal of Honor entitled to a salute?

England —Pvt. ALVIN MORSE

■ The only thing you get besides your medal is extra pay—no salutes. The belief that a holder of the Congressional Medal of Honor is entitled to a salute from anyone regardless of rank is an Army myth that has been kicking around a long time, and it has no basis in Army Regulations. Enlisted men, not officers, get $2 a month additional for each of the following decorations held: Congressional Medal of Honor, Distinguished Service Cross, Distinguished Service Medal, Distinguished Flying Cross or the Soldiers' Medal. If a soldier held all five of the medals, he would get $10 a month extra, or if he held the Distinguished Flying Cross with four Oak Leaf Clusters (same award five times) he would also get $10 a month extra.

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YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

What's in a Name?

PFC. Lewis B. Closser, a GI at Guadalcanal, has made the most startling discovery of the war.

He has found out that there is not a single can of Spam in the whole U. S. Army.

You might say that Pfc. Closser stumbled into his amazing revelation by accident, sort of like the way Isaac Newton discovered gravity by sitting under an apple tree and getting conked on the squash by a falling apple.

Like all the rest of us, Pfc. Closser is pretty well fed up with the Army's steady diet of what we have always called Spam. So he decided to do something about it. He wrote a letter to the Hormel meat packing people, copyright owners of that awful word, and asked them to lay off shipping the stuff overseas for a few weeks at least, even if the boys had to go hungry.

Well, the Hormel people wrote back to Pfc. Closser from Austin, Minn., and here is what they had to say:

Since the war started, we have not sold a single can of Spam to the U. S. Army. Therefore, you can readily see that when servicemen complain about Spam, they are criticizing an entirely different product. The Quartermaster buys no Spam because the package size—12 ounces— is impractical. Instead they demand that all foods be supplied in large weight units and have specified that luncheon meat for the armed forces must be packed in 6-pound cans. They also specify that it must be sterile; by that they mean that it must be cooked so thoroughly that it will keep in the can without spoiling for an indefinite period. It's a vastly different product from Spam but, unfortunately perhaps for us, the entire Army has started and continues to call all such sterile 6-pound luncheon meat by the name of Spam.

So there you have it. The so-called meat we have been referring to as Spam all these months is not really Spam at all. It is luncheon meat.

All we can say is what Shakespeare once said about a rose:

What's in a name? That which we call Spam
By any other name would taste as lousy.

Or, as the little girl said about spinach when her mother tried to tell her that the green stuff on her plate was really broccoli, we still say it's Spam and we still say the hell with it.

It's not what they call it. It's the frequency with which they throw it into your mess kit. Spam—sorry, we mean luncheon meat—might not be so bad if it was only served at luncheon. But when you get it at breakfast and supper, too, you can't be blamed for getting mad at it. As a matter of fact, it is a wonder the Army selected such a mild and inoffensive term as Spam when it started to call the stuff names.

"Whadya mean luncheon meat? I say it's Spam and I say to hell with it!"

STRICTLY G.I.

Veterans' Benefits

THE WD is helping the Veterans Administration shorten the period between the time a soldier gets his CDD and the date he begins to receive a pension or other veterans' benefits. Veterans Administration workers are now assigned to Army installations where physically disabled GIs are being discharged, so that these soldiers can get advice and definite decisions on their claims before leaving the Army.

Men who are mentally ill and need further treatment are being discharged by the Army and immediately transferred to the Veterans Administration Facility. Blinded GIs will be kept in the Army while learning to adjust themselves socially. This training in adjustment will be coordinated with the vocation training offered by the Veterans Administration.

Although the WD wants to have as many veterans' claims as possible adjudicated before men are discharged, it points out that no soldier is compelled to file a claim for pension benefits, even though he is entitled to it. However, each disabled soldier who does not want to file such a claim has to file a statement to that effect. This statement does not waive the soldier's right to file a claim at a later date.

Assault Gas Mask

A new assault gas mask has been developed by the Chemical Warfare Service, adapted to highly mobilized and mechanized warfare. The principal change is a round canister attached directly to the facepiece without use of a hose and providing protection with minimum resistance to breathing. The waterproof carrier has straps that permit the mask to be shifted from a normal position at left side rear to the front for convenience when driving a vehicle and also to be carried in a knapsack position on the back or in a leg-carry position, desirable in hot climates. Designed so as not to impair the activities of the modern soldier, the mask is for use by such assault troops as the Armored Force, the Assault Infantry, the Paratroops and the Amphibious Troops. An unusual feature is the buoyancy in water of the carrier, which, in preliminary tests, provided excellent support for men swimming for 30 minutes. Complete weight of the mask, including carrier, is about 2.8 pounds.

ASTP Status

The WD has denied newspaper reports that the ASTP is in "the process of liquidation." A statement by the Secretary of War explains that the ASTP is "now being somewhat reduced but may later be either increased or still further reduced, as the needs of the military situation or military training make advisable." There are now about 140,000 GIs in the ASTP. More than 2,000 already have been graduated and assigned to duties in the States and overseas. By spring ASTP students will be graduated at a rate of more than 10,000 a month.

Infantry Badge Tests

The Army has listed details of the qualification tests for the Expert Infantryman Badge and the Combat Infantryman Badge. [*WD Cir. 322, 1943*].

The combat badge is awarded to those who have displayed "exemplary conduct in action against the enemy."

To receive the expert badge an infantryman must qualify with one individual weapon and in transition firing, or qualify with one crew-served weapon and in transition firing; complete familiarization firing with one other weapon; complete continuous foot marches (without falling out) of 25 miles in 8 hours and 9 miles in 2 hours with full field equipment; complete physical fitness tests including push-ups, a 300-yard run, the burpee, a 75 yard pig-a-back carry at a run and a 70-yard zigzag agility run; complete infiltration, close combat and combat-in-cities courses; qualify in a grenade course; and pass tests in scouting and patrolling, first aid, field sanitation, military discipline and courtesy, bayonet (for men with rifles), field proficiency of the soldier with his individual weapon, protective measure for individuals and small units and personal appearance.

Fourteenth AF Patch

Here is the new arm patch for the Fourteenth Air Force, serving in China under Maj. Gen. Claire L. Chennault. It was designed by S/Sgt. Howard M. Arnegard of Hillsboro, N. Dak., and shows a winged, rampaging Bengal tiger topped by the star of the Army Air Forces. The new patch made its first appearance in a raid that American and Chinese bombers made on the Japanese airdrome at Shinchiku on Formosa.

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CULINARY COUPLE. S/Sgt. Julia Bober and S/Sgt. Henry Southard of Fort Leonard Wood, Mo., have just been happily married but there may be a little rivalry in store for them. They're mess sergeants.

ACE CADET. Aviation Cadet Othel Dickinson of the Tuskegee Army Air Field, Ala., became top-ranking aerial gunner among Eastern Training Command cadets after competing in the National Gunnery Meet, Eglin Field, Fla.

HE MAN. Pfc. Wesley J. Peterson, of the 176th Inf., Fort Benning, Ga., prefers sleeping out of doors to the barracks, but as a concession to winter he's moved onto the porch, with a home-made radio.

UNDER TWO FLAGS. King, a Newfoundland, was found when U. S. forces seized a Nazi radio station in Greenland. When King had a bad accident recently T-5 Leonard Reilly helped nurse him at Camp Edwards, Mass.

WAC SONG BIRD. Pfc. Beth Hill is a motor-transport driver by day, but at night she wears her clothes with a difference. This Pfc. Hill sings for Dance Band No. 1 of Cavalry Replacement Training Center, Fort Riley, Kans.

UP AND OVER. Scaling over the Axis takes a lot of energy, whatever way you approach it. One or two of these heads eliminated only makes it a shorter wall. To make it brief, these students jumping over their enemies are at 35th AAF Technical Training Det., Long Beach, Calif.

HAIR STYLIST. That's a fancy stroke for a GI cut! It ought to be. The barber, Pvt. Joseph Pettit, at IRTC, Camp Blanding, Fla., was a beautician in Wyoming and won honors for women's hair styles.

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MUSICAL PARTNERS. Capt. Samuel D. Swann and Pfc. Sidney Neiditch go into a huddle at Fort Belvoir, Va. Forgetting rank, they collaborated in writing music and words for "Here Come the Engineers."

How to Tell a Corporal

Salt Lake City Army Air Base, Utah—Pfc. John Steele and Cpl. Hal Fein were waiting for a bus when two youngsters came along.

Said the first lad, pointing to Steele's one stripe: "I know what that guy is—he's a private first class."

Cpl. Fein noticed the other boy looking at him, but the smile he gave the kid vanished when the youngster said: "Yeah? Well, I know what the other guy is. He's a private second class."

CAMP NEWS

Language Lessons

Blytheville Army Air Field, Ark.—Unique among features of Army camp papers is the "Language Den," a course of instruction in Italian, Spanish and French, which appears regularly in *Plane Talker*, post paper here. The "Language Den" is conducted by Cpl. Peter Palminteri who also has charge of regular language classes at the post library.

Explaining the importance of languages in a war program, the *Plane Talker* states its conviction that languages are actually weapons of war, the knowledge of them being useful in the translation of enemy papers, censorship of mail, interrogation of prisoners, monitoring of short-wave broadcasts, interpreting, diplomacy and administration in occupied countries.

Country Doctor

Second Army Maneuvers, Tenn.—Pvt. Donald Mische tried to get up after a 10-minute break but couldn't. He had developed a "charley horse" in one leg and his other foot became so swollen he couldn't get it into his shoe. The officer leading his platoon told him to sit tight and he would send an ambulance back for him.

While Mische was waiting for the meat wagon, a civilian car drove up and a man leaned out and asked: "Need any help, soldier?" Before Mische could reply the man jumped out of the car with a small black bag in his hand. He looked at the foot and went to work.

Pvt. Mische went on his way to join his outfit a little later, his faith confirmed in a great institution—the country doctor.

HIGHEST MARK. Pfc. Sergei Kirpatovsky got a grade of 100 percent in a 20-week radio-mechanics course that he finished in 6 weeks at Truax Field, Wis.

Major to Private

Camp Stoneman, Calif.—Pvt. Gam Bo Kong of this base used to be a major in the Chinese Army. A native of Canton, China, Pvt. Kong graduated from China's West Point in 1936 as a second lieutenant. He fought the Japs at Nanking and other places, was decorated five times and had reached the rank of major when he was stricken with a mysterious fever and sent home.

Then Kong got a letter from his father, whom he had never seen, asking him to come to America. Presidential greetings reached him while he was working in New York's Chinatown about eight months ago.

AROUND THE CAMPS

AAFTC, Miami Beach, Fla.—Cpl. Howard A. Sherrick and Pvt. Edwin J. Caron, who direct crash boats from a tower near the rifle range, have solved the laundry problem. Their soiled garments are tied to a string and lowered over the sea wall in front of the tower. The pounding wave action does the rest and in quick time, too.

Camp Roberts, Calif.—Pfc. Bob Santoyo stood flipping a 50-cent piece in the air, the way movie star George Raft did in one of his pictures. As the coin reached the height of its toss, Santoyo noticed a major approaching. He gave a quick glance at the coin and then threw a snappy "highball" at the major, cut his hand away smartly and caught the coin before it reached the ground.

Waco Army Air Field, Tex.—Sgt. Sid Hudson had been detailed to recruit Air Wacs. A little number from Nacogdoches listened to his sales talk, waited patiently until it was over and then told the sergeant she didn't want any, thank you. "But," she added soulfully, "you're kinda cute. Would you like to talk about something else?"

Camp Mackall, N. C.—Pvt. Blue Barron, orchestra leader, is a member of the 11th Airborne Div. here. The ex-maestro of "music of yesterday and today" arrived from the Fort Hayes (Ohio) Reception Center to take his basic before going into the division's SSO.

In the past six months, *Camp News* has printed items from nearly 300 camps, but we're not satisfied yet. Send in your interesting news items, pictures and features. Address them to the Continental Liaison Branch, Bureau of Public Relations, War Department, Pentagon, Washington, D. C., with a request that they be forwarded to YANK, the Army Weekly.

Camp Gordon Johnston, Fla.—Pvt. Robert Mulligan asked another GI what he had signed his name to on the bulletin board just a few minutes before. The GI said it was the pass list for that night, so Mulligan ran over and set down his name without bothering to read what the notice said. But it wasn't a pass list; it was for those GIs who needed new dental plates. Pvt. Mulligan got no pass, no dental plates, but he reads everything he signs his name to, now.

Camp Abbot, Oreg.—Brig. Gen. Bryant Moore, assistant commander of the 104th Div., appeared at a Service Club party, and someone dared Sgt. Mary Bertoswiz to ask him for a dance. He was putting on his coat, preparing to leave, when the Wac walked up to him and said: "General, I have been dared to ask you to dance? How about it?" The general removed his coat and answered: "Certainly."

Camp Edwards, Mass.—One of the highest paid enlisted men in the Army is 1st Sgt. Max B. Zager who, under the terms of the new dependency allowances, will draw $391.20 a month. This is almost $60 more than the pay of a full colonel, exclusive of allowances for subsistence, quarters and longevity. Zager, senior instructor at the B & C School, has a wife and seven children and has been in service for 25 years.

Camp Wheeler, Ga.—"We don't want dough from a serviceman," one of four armed hold-up men told 1st Sgt. Waymon V. Jones when he stopped at a filling station for gas. But they took his car and drove away in it. He found it next day, its fan belt broken and its pistons buckled. Later the bandits were caught.

Fort Worth Army Air Field, Tex.—While Pfc. Gertie Pillsbury was at Fort Devens, Mass., she turned in an OD skirt for exchange, then shipped out before she got another back. When she was finally issued a skirt here, it seemed familiar. She looked at the waistband and found her own serial number.

Fort Sill, Okla.—Sgt. Warren Feely of the 342d Armd. FA Bn. returned from a recent furlough the proud owner of a relic of the past that was immediately dubbed by his fellow GIs as a useful adjunct to barracks' facilities. It was a decorated "thunder mug," a convenience once found under the bed in all the best homes.

Camp Sutton, N. C.—GIs here have been wondering if there is any connection between the two things. T/Sgt. Arthur Z. Lipski, personnel sergeant major of the 1305th Engr. GS Regt., went through a tough infiltration course, eating dirt and dodging live ammunition. Then was seen writing out his last will and testament.

Camp Van Dorn, Miss.—T-4 Alphy Cyr, first cook of Co. H, 253d Inf., picked himself a nice spot near the portable stove one day on bivouac and promptly fell asleep. He was awakened by a sort of tap on his back. "Whadya want?" he asked, sleepily. There was no reply, only another tap. Then Sgt. Cyr turned over to find himself staring into the eyes of a huge black snake.

Camp Beale, Calif.—Pvt. Leonard Van der Linde, a former member of the 13th Armd. Div., is now a member of an ASTP unit at the University of California. When Pvt. Van der Linde had a seven-day furlough, he spent it here with old buddies, getting up at reveille, sweating out chow lines, taking a turn at room and latrine orderly and policing up.

Camp Stewart, Ga.—GIs here who couldn't get away for the Christmas holidays were provided entertainment through an "it-costs-to-cuss" drive. Penalties ranging from a penny to a half-buck were collected in a "cuss box" established by one of the outfits.

"What were you dreaming of, turning down a chance to go to OCS!"

—S/Sgt. Jon Merritt, Camp Haan (Calif.) *Tracer*.

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Mail Call

Punishing Germany

Dear YANK:

While Pvt. Shaw's article in a December issue of YANK was excellent, it was dangerously incomplete. Defeating Germany, exiling the officer class and disarming the people are only steps toward the abolition of the injustices the Germans have done the rest of the world. Disarming the Germans will not be enough. The French discovered that after the last war. Establishing an international police force will also not be enough if the police force is directed only against the now fascist nations. And specifically, who is going to run this police force? The last international policing group, the League of Nations, fell into the hands of the British and French, who used it as an auxiliary of their national policies. After the last war, let us also remember, Germany was wooed by Russia at Stresa to combat anti-Red feeling in Europe; by England to maintain her traditional balance of power; by American industrialists who saw large speculative profits in German industry. If we allow a beaten Germany to find strength again by the alliances of favored nations and classes, or permit an international police force to become once more an instrument of favored nations and classes, we will have lost this war and will have sown the seeds for another one.

ASTU, Bethlehem, Pa. —**Pfc. PERRY S. WOLFF**

Dear YANK:

I could only find one weak point in Pvt. Irwin Shaw's "Flood Control on the Rhine," and it is one that must have occurred to him as he wrote it. If all arsenals and airplane plants and all heavy industry that could be turned into arms production at any time be dismantled, is there to remain any German industry? It is our own experience that a nation with great peacetime industry can be changed in two years to a war power. To keep the industry of a nation the size of Germany in this state would be a job for a permanent military establishment of the type that the Nazis now have in occupied Europe. I wonder whether this is what we want.

ASTU, Palo Alto, Calif. —**Pfc. T. EVERETT HOLMES**

Found: One J Company

Dear YANK:

In an October issue there was a controversy over why there is no J Company in the Army. I may be wrong but I heard that the reason for not having a J Company is for the memory of Gen. Custer. He was in command of J Company at the time of his death.

Fort McDowell, Calif. —**Pvt. M. AMOROSO**

Dear YANK:

You seem to be having a little trouble finding out why there is not a J Company in the Army. I know this will be a shock, so I'm letting you down easily. Here it is: there *is* a J Company in the Army—in fact, it is attached to us for duty and rations. It's an ordnance supply and maintenance company (Avn).

India —**Sgt. J. C. LINDGREN**

Epitoma Rei Militaris

Dear YANK:

Just finished reading "The Ground Forces Get Streamlined" by Cpl. Richard Paul in a November issue. I disagree with his statement about the "Roman phalanx." The Romans never used the phalanx; in fact had contempt for it. He should have known this if he'd read "Epitoma Rei Militaris" by Vegetius.

APO 9020, New York —**Sgt. JOSEPH SILVA**

Dear YANK:

Since when have the "Roman conquerors" used the phalanx? Anyone with the least glimmering of military history knows that the phalanx was developed by the Greeks and Macedonians. Recommended reading for Cpl. Paul: "Epitoma Rei Militaris" by Vegetius and Marshal Saxe's "Reveries."

Paine Field, Wash. —**S/Sgt. JOHN RANDOLPH**

■ Cpl. Paul should have said Greek phalanx. After he finishes "Epitoma Rei Militaris" he'll be detailed to read Marshal Saxe's "Reveries."

Supply Insignia

Dear YANK:

AAF regulation 35-12, dated July 1943, authorized the wearing of sleeve patches by technicians and included everything except headquarters, cooks and supply. We've been over here getting the parts to these guys for more than a year and a half now, and we think it's about time we had our own insignia. Just where in hell would the men on the line and in the shops be without someone to get parts for them? Here is our suggestion for a supply insignia.

Australia —**S/Sgt. MARTIN E. PENTON***

*Letter also signed by Sgts. Earnest D. Campbell, Ansel M. Coburn and Pfc. Paul Walters.

Emergency Furlough

Dear YANK:

Referring to the letters in *Mail Call* of a December issue [complaining about Pvt. Franklin E. Higgins at Camp Crowder, Mo., being given an emergency furlough to visit his sick dog]. It would seem as though the sergeant and other soldiers who signed the letters might have inquired first at Headquarters before getting this kind of gripe into print. The facts are that this was not an emergency furlough. This soldier was hospitalized and "held for observation." The surgeon gave him seven days' absence as he could not be returned to duty.

Headquarters, Camp Crowder, Mo. —**Public Relations Officer**

Lassie, Come Home

Dear YANK:

Several weeks ago, we went to the trouble of picking out our favorite pin-up girl, but something tragic

happened. We cannot locate the girl; consequently we can't do her the honor of a party at this station. In case a YANK reader can help, here is all the dope: Her name is Kathryn Case. She was the Miss Philadelphia of 1941 or 1942. If anyone finds her write to me, Rm. 30, Top Side, Administration Bldg., USNAS, Floyd Bennett Field, N. Y.

Floyd Bennett Field, N. Y. —**MANNING HALL S1c**

Cowboys and Soldiers

Dear YANK:

Won't you please print a plea for a lonesome girl of 15. I have blond hair, hazel eyes and light complexion, and am 5 feet 4 inches tall and weigh 116 pounds. I'd like to hear from cowboys and soldiers especially. So come in pals and fill a lonesome girl's mailbox clean to the top.

Oklahoma —**(Miss) NADA WHITEHEAD**

■ Sorry, but the War Department won't permit correspondence between servicemen and civilians they don't know. When you get a little older you can meet them at the USO.

For Men Only

Dear YANK:

A lot of the traveling USO shows that come around put over some nice shows and throw in plenty of terrific gags which may be taken two ways—according to your constitution or something. But there's always a select clan of the weaker sex who are too damn narrow-minded to be able to stomach the show, so naturally they walk out. This makes the performers feel pretty bad. These women know what to expect of these shows, but nevertheless they continue to attend and at a certain stage pull a walk-out. Why not bar women from the shows or admit them on the condition they will not be allowed to walk out? I personally don't give a damn, but how about giving the performers a break?

Surinam —**Cpl. A. J. GUTIERREZ**

Ratings After the War

Dear YANK:

We have heard all kinds of suggestions for mustering-out pay and bonuses for returning soldiers. All well and good, but selectees would be the only ones to benefit. But let us give the Regular Army man a little thought. Prior to the expansion of the Army, making a rating was no simple matter; it took a good (or lucky) man to make sergeant. It is therefore suggested that a bill be passed to take care of regulars who have attained a higher temporary rank since July 1, 1941. My own case for instance: I have over 10 years' service, my permanent rank is sergeant, but my temporary rank is first sergeant. There should be a ruling to allow men with over a certain number of years of service to keep the highest rank they may have attained after July 1, 1941.

Prisoner of War Camp, Clinton, Miss. —**1st Sgt. A. NAVA**

■ After the war the number of permanent ranks will depend on the size of the Army.

What's Your Problem?

Dear YANK:

If you have a broken right arm in a sling, would you be correct in rendering a left-hand salute? Until I receive your reply, I shall be out on a limb.

Fort Benning, Ga. —**Cpl. GORDON E. BEYERLE**

■ Have your right arm set at a 45-degree angle.

Message Center

Men asking for letters in this column are all overseas. Write them c/o Message Center, YANK, 205 E. 42d St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll forward your letters. The censor won't let us print the complete addresses.

B. JACK BRADFORD, once at Waycross, Ga.: write Cpl. Chauncey E. Lewis. . . . Cpl. LEONARD M. BROWN, N. Africa: write Pvt. Kenneth G. Brown.

C. Pvt. MARLIN E. CALAHAN, once at Fort Eustis, Va.: write Pvt. Robert Garrett. . . . Pfc. WILLIAM CALVERT, once at MacDill Field, Fla.: write Cpl. Thomas A. Tennent. . . . Sgt. LEWIS J. CAMPBELL, once at Co. C, 82d Armd. Recn. Bn., Fort Benning, Ga.: write Pvt. Jim D. Lowrey. . . . Cpl. ROBERT CAMPBELL of the 53d QM Regt.: write Cpl. Dave Greene. . . . JULIUS (ZUKE) COPPENS of Johnstown, Ohio: see *Message 1.**

D. Sgt. RAYMOND E. DAVIS, once in the 11th Inf. at Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind.: write M/Sgt. Richard N. Noble. . . . RICHARD DAVIS and SID DUBIN, former members of Stage Club Theater, Cleveland, Ohio: see *Message 2.***

H. LEO HANLEY, formerly of the AVG: write S/Sgt. William Buckley. . . . JOSEPH HARPER of Greensburg, Ala., once in the CCC at Huntsville, Ala.: write Cpl. Bill Driver. . . . Pvt. CONRAD T. HARRISON of Lexington, Ky., once with the 11th Sig. Corps: write Pvt. Robert E. Dwyer. . . . SIDNEY G. HUDSON, somewhere in the S. Pacific: write S/Sgt. Charles Franklin. . . . Sgt. ROBERT HUGES, 152d FA: write Cpl. Theodore L. Hanson.

L. WALTER LESNIAK, somewhere in Australia: write Edward Zalupski AOM3c. . . . BRAYTON LEWIS, former member of Stage Club Theater, Cleveland, Ohio: see *Message 2.*** . . . 2d Lt. HARRY LOUNSBURG at Miami Beach, Fla.: write Cpl. Eric S. Bolton. . . . Pfc. JAY K. LYLES, USMC, of Virginia: write Pfc. Preston (Ike) Parker. . . . ARTHUR LYMAN, once at The Presidio, San Francisco: write Lt. Sheppard.

M. T/Sgt. CHESTER MARZCAK of Chicago, Ill., write T-5 Nathan Pokoik. . . . Pvt. CARL MAYSHURA of Woodbine, N. J., once at Fort Belvoir, Va.: write Pvt. William Eilberg. . . . Sgt. JAMES T. MCMILLION of Chicago, Ill., once with 108th QM Regt., Camp Forrest, Tenn.: write Cpl. Jack Hill. . . . WILLIE MILLER of Pittsburgh, Pa.: write Pvt. Arthur W. Reimer. . . . JAMES MURDOCK: write Pfc. Curtis R. Hale.

P. Pvt. JOE PENNINGTON: see *Message 4.*†† . . . T/Sgt. EVALD POLANSKY in the SWPA: write T-5 Hubert J. Polansky. . . . ANDREW POLK: write to your nephew, S/Sgt. Ulysses G. Hogan.

S. Pvt. ART SCHUETZ: see *Message 4.*†† . . . C. D. SHAW, last seen in Hollywood, Calif.: write Pfc. George Royal. . . . M. H. SHIPLER of Millersburg, Ohio: write Pvt. Ralph D. Hagelbarger. . . . FREDDY SILVERMAN of Pittsburgh: write Pvt. Sammy Weiss. . . . S/Sgt. VIRGIL SMITH, once with Med. Det., 387th Inf., Camp Swift, Tex.: write S/Sgt. Earl P. Smith. . . . Sgt. VINCENT SMITH, once at Newport News, Va.: see *Message 3.*† . . . MORRIS SPECKTOR, Australia: write Jake H. Nilva AMM3c.

T. S/Sgt. RAYMOND TAYLOR, once in Newport News, Va.: see *Message 3.*† . . . ARTHUR TREMBLAY, Hawaii: write 1st Sgt. Aural P. Tremblay. . . . EMIL TURSKEY of Massillon, Ohio, once in Co. D, 53d Inf., Camp Wolters, Tex.: see *Message 1.**

W. FRANK WETZEL, West Coast, USA; BOB WETZEL, Solomons; BILL WETZEL, St. Louis, Mo.; GEORGE WETZEL, Lake Charles, La.: write Cpl. Evertt W. Wetzel. . . . Sgt. R. W. WILEY, Australia: write M. L. Johnston CY. . . . 1st Sgt. MAX L. WILLIS, Camp Ritchie, Md.: write Cpl. Robert T. Standing.

**Message 1:* Write Pvt. Thomas Underwood.
***Message 2:* Write Cpl. Louis E. Stevens.
†Message 3: Write Sgt. Charles E. Adams.
††Message 4: Write Cpl. Floyd R. Harbour.

SHOULDER PATCH EXCHANGE

These men want to trade shoulder patches:

Pvt. Herbert S. Hatch, Co. D, 383 Inf., Camp White, Oreg.
Pfc. Carl E. Hoffsten, Base Sig. Office, AAB, Clovis, N. Mex.
Pfc. Stanley F. Butler, DEML, 1848th Unit, 8th SC, N. Camp Hood, Tex.
Pvt. Robert Spychalski, 1802d SCU, Med. Sec., Borden Gen. Hosp., Chickasha, Okla.
S/Sgt. L. K. Hutchinson, Hq. Btry, 1st Bn., 263d CA, Fort Moultrie, S C.
T-4 Raymond E. Reavis, 110th Evacuation Hosp., Camp Swift, Tex.
2d Lt. Thelma V. Smith, ANC, Sta. Hosp., Fort Custer, Mich.
Pvt. Alex Stefan, 96th QM Co., 96th Inf. Div., Camp White, Oreg.
S/Sgt. B. W. Shamrell, Hq. Co., 140th Inf., San Diego, Calif.
Lt. Charles Van Hook, 51st Gen. Hosp., Fort Bliss, Tex.
Lt. Frank M. Fish, Lovell Gen. Hosp., Fort Devens, Mass.
T-5 Raynold T. Kinseth, Hq. Btry., 129th AAA MG Bn., c/o PM, Shreveport, La.
Lt. Marita Zimmerman, ANC, Sta. Hosp., Camp Campbell, Ky.
Cpl. Fred S. Currier, 368th AAF Band Sq., Dalhart, Tex.
T/Sgt. Floyd Mohler, Hq., 151st Inf., Camp Livingston, La.
Sgt. Howard G. Murray, Tr. B, 18th Rcn. Sq., Camp White, Oreg.
Cpl. Eldred T. Miller, Co. C, 371st Med. Bn., 71st Div., Camp Carson, Colo.
Pfc. Carl J. Grisaffi, Post Hq., Fort Jackson, S. C.
Pfc. Mildred L. McGlamery, 4622 SU, WAC Det., Co. A, Fort Sheridan, Ill.
Pvt. Betty J. Bauer, 876th WAC Post Hq. Co., 508th AB Sq., Berryfield, AAF, Nashville Municipal Airport, Tenn.

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Kitchen scene. We never saw a male KP climb inside a GI can like the energetic Wac in the foreground.

Here is Pvt. Doobrovo's impression of late chow in the mess hall when the cooks are scraping the bottom of the stew pot. Born in Siberia, the Wac artist formerly taught junior high-school classes in Reno, Nev.

Wac Artist at Fort Riley

Pvt. Jean Doobrovo, designer of visual-training aids at the Cavalry Replacement Training Center, makes sketches in her spare time.

Every Wac barracks has a laundry with an electric iron for the evening sessions of washing clothing.

Like all GIs, the Wacs stationed with Pvt. Doobrovo at Fort Riley's Cavalry Replacement Training Center dread inspections.

A Wac on a double date usually finds that her fellow soldiers are either too tall or too short.

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Paulette Goddard

HOLLYWOOD. Paulette Goddard plays a girl welder in "I Love a Soldier," in which she co-stars with Sonny Tufts. . . . Rosemary La Planche, Miss America of 1941, who appears in "Around the World," has been elected "Queen of the Mosquito Junction," a jungle outpost in New Guinea. . . . Alan Dinehart and Marjorie Gateson have been cast in "Seven Days Ashore," a story of the Merchant Marine. . . . Bryant Washburn, star of the silent screen, is slated for a supporting role in "Elizabeth Kenny," which stars Rosalind Russell . . . Betty Hutton will head the cast of "Out of This World." . . . Susan Hayward got the feminine lead opposite William Bendix in "The Hairy Ape." . . . "The Ghost Ship" will show Richard Dix in his first menace role in 23 years of screen stardom. . . . Johnny (Tarzan) Weismuller has added the teaching of animals to understand words to his list of hobbies. Maureen O'Sullivan returns to the part of Jane in the next Tarzan picture, "Tarzan and the Amazons." . . . Bill Goodwin, radio announcer, has been signed for the reporter role in "Incendiary Blonde." . . . Lena Horne is featured in "Swing Fever," her seventh appearance in a top-flight musical film. . . . In the works now is the latest Crosby-Hope-Lamour, titled "The Road to Utopia." . . . Ann Dere has the featured role in the latest "This Is America" short, "Letter to a Hero." . . . Bob Hope was voted 1943 "Champion of Champions" in the eighth annual poll of more than 600 newspaper radio editors and columnists in the U. S. and Canada. Joan Davis, soon to be seen in "Beautiful but Broke," topped all feminine comedy artists in the same poll.

GI SERVICE. Sleeping accommodations for soldiers and sailors on leave are provided by the Riverside Theater, Los Angeles, which turns over its 1,500 seats, with pillows and heat, every night after the last performance. . . . USO-Camp Shows announced a new budget that allocates nearly $6,000,000 for overseas entertainments. . . . The go-ahead has been given Camp Shows to send its entertainers into the Gilbert Islands. . . . A strike of waiters at Earl Carroll's, Hollywood, resulted in 200 GIs getting a free turkey supper and show with the showgals serving as waitresses. . . . The budget for entertainment in the Eleventh Naval District in California has been hiked to $500,000. . . . Ella Logan wowed GIs in the Italian sector; with her is dancer Edith De Aney whose husband, Sgt. Jack Firestein, was a North African campaign casualty. . . . Virginia Fitzgerald, RC worker at an American Air Base in China, is the subject of a *SEPost* article, "Darling of the Tigers." . . . The OWI Overseas Film Bureau is stepping up its program to push films into the newly occupied overseas zones. . . . Duke Ellington's latest Carnegie Hall concert featured the composition, "Things Ain't What They Used to Be," written by his son, Pfc. Mercer Ellington of Fort Bragg, N. C.

THE knife in the picture at the left is not there to keep you away but to help the girl to open the oysters which, in turn, help her to look like a pirate girl in the United Artists production of "Jack London." This is Virginia Mayo's first movie role. With what she's got you may be sure it isn't her last.

The POETS CORNERED

Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
—Pfc. Omar K., 1st Pyramidal Tent Co.

THE PHANTOM SOLDIER

The government says he is missing
  But the French all swear he is dead;
For several saw him go down
  When Hememimat Ridge ran red;
He fell in a bayonet charge
  Where the bullets were thick as hail—
They saw him go down with a curse and a frown
  And the blood made his face look pale.

But dead men leave a body,
  And his body was not there;
For after the battle was over
  They looked for him everywhere;
So he was reported as missing
  Though some of them swore he was dead,
For they saw him go down with a curse and a frown
  When Hememimat Ridge ran red.

Yet the Aussies all say he was with them
  When they took a nameless hill,
And that was two months later
  (Could it be he was living still?)
He urged them on in the battle
  Till the enemy gave his ground
Then he died in the dust from a bayonet thrust—
  But his body was never found.

Though many swept over the hilltop,
  Many are lying there still.
And into the list of the missing
  Went the names of those on the hill.
In the din and the dust of battle
  He fell, and they left him lie;
But the desert sand will understand—
  There are men who refuse to die.

When the British out of Tarhuna
  Took Tripoli by storm,
There was a stranger with them
  In a British uniform;
He led the men into battle,
  And several saw him fall;
But the light was too dim when they looked for him—
  Or he wasn't there at all.

There are flames which burn in the spirit
  Which nothing can ever quench,
Though the body be torn asunder
  And left for dead in a trench.
For a soldier in his dying
  Gives death itself the lie
When comrades inherit his flaming spirit—
  There are men who refuse to die.

Camp Shelby, Miss. —Sgt. A. L. CROUCH

GUARD

I walk my post in lonely wood,
The echoes of the night bid heed. They cry;
The aged-leaf rustle and the wheezing wind,
The black song of the crow,
The hoot of the staring owl,
The loudness of the silence in a wary brain;
The forest cries for notice.

Willimantic, Conn. —Pvt. NORMAN SAK

EARLY WORM

The moralists may all affirm
The earliest bird should get the worm.
That, to my notion, is absurd;
The early worm should get the bird.

For had he longer lain abed,
His cousin, and not he, were dead.
Some day the early worm will learn
How seldom early worms return.

Camp Shelby, Miss. —S/Sgt. GRANT A. SANDERS

THE HEAVENS LAUGHED LAST NIGHT

The heavens laughed last night
And rained their cosmic laughter on the earth.
The moon smiled through her somber veil.
And stars grew bright and tittered in girlish mirth.

Like a long-pent song,
Titanic laughter overran
The universe and filled the heart of every living thing—
But not the heart of man.

Hondo Army Air Field, Tex. —Pvt. BRONIS TUBELIS

ADDRESS UNKNOWN

A guy I knew was wont to say:
"If on a bomb's your name,
No matter what you do, my boys,
It'll get you just the same."

Whene'er the bombers flew o'erhead
And to our holes we went,
This wise guy scoffed and never moved,
Just stayed inside his tent.

One night we scurried to our holes—
I'm still alive to tell—
The wise guy stayed within his tent,
And he was blown to hell.

His name was not upon this shell
I afterward did learn,
For it was marked like all the rest:
"To whom it may concern."

New Guinea —Sgt. JOHN READEY

Three Pitchers
A PUZZLE IN WINE

T/Sgt. Brane, whose thirst was as keen as his intellect, walked into an Algerian wine shop to buy two quarts of the local product. The storekeeper was out at the time, and his wife was unfamiliar with the measuring pitchers.

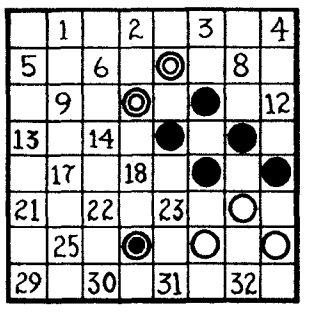
There were three pitchers, and all the woman knew was that the blue pitcher held three quarts more than the red one and that the white pitcher held four quarts more than the blue one.

The situation didn't faze Sgt. Brane. He promptly dipped into the wine cask and after nine pourings he emerged with a pitcher containing the required two quarts of wine.

How did he do it?

(Solution on page 22.)

CHECKER STRATEGY



This idea came up in a game we played recently. White, though a checker behind, rips Black wide open with a bazooka shot. See if you can discover the combination that produces an immediate victory for White.

Before checking your analysis with the answer on page 22, number the playing squares of your checkerboard from 1 to 32 as shown.

WORD PUZZLE

How's your word sense? If up to par, you should be able to fill in these five words within 50 minutes. The letters that appear at the beginning of a word are the same as the ones at the end of it, and they are in the same order.

For example: The solution to . . CI . . would be DECIDE.

1. . . I . .
2. . . A S . .
3. . . L I V . .
4. . . . M E N . . .
5. . . . E R G R O . . .

(Solution on Page 22)

CHANGE OF ADDRESS If you are a YANK subscriber and have changed your address, use this coupon to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

FULL NAME AND RANK ORDER NO.

OLD MILITARY ADDRESS

NEW MILITARY ADDRESS

Allow 21 days for change of address to become effective

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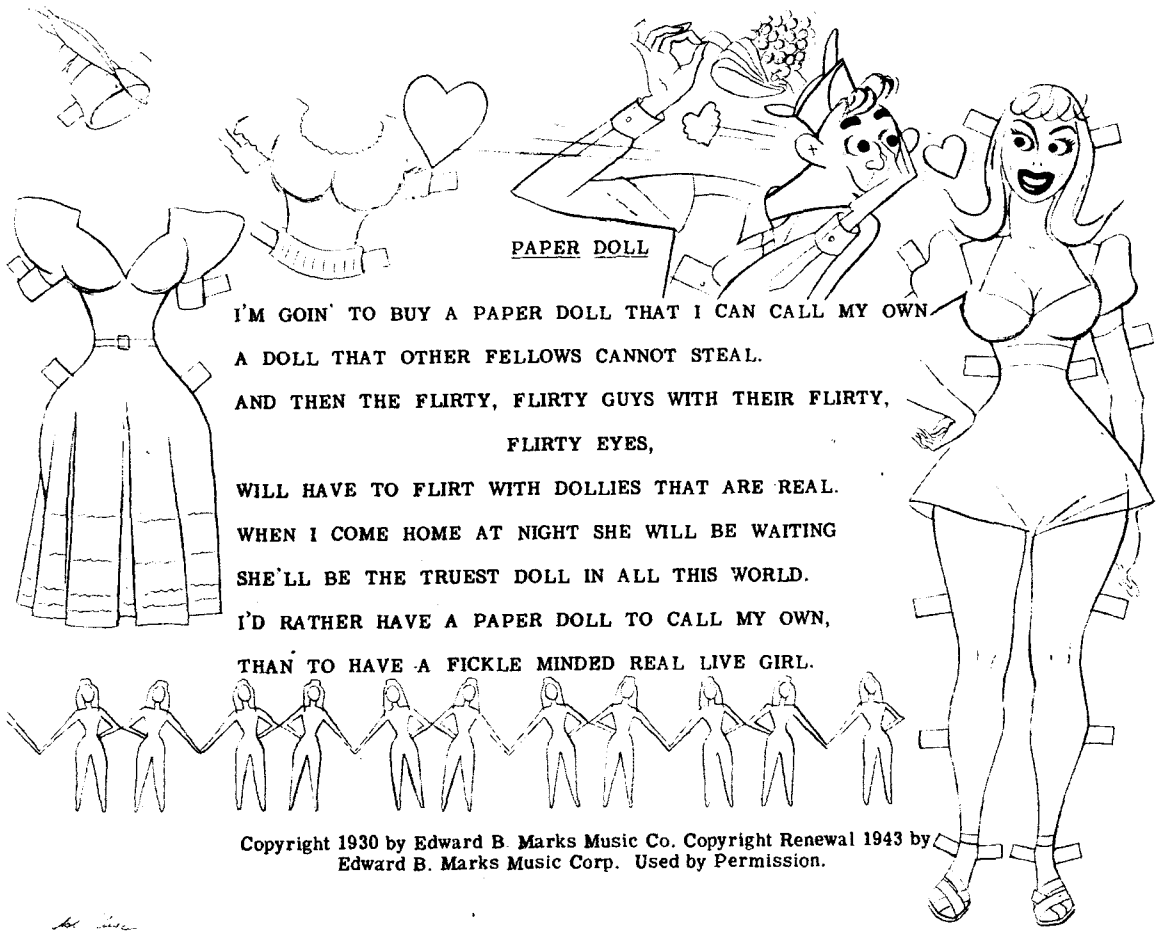


My friends know that I am generally a slow man to view with alarm, but here and now I call on some influential citizen to lash out in his column or pound away in his broadcast against this menace to our armed forces.

I am referring of course to the song "Paper Doll." I wouldn't be at all surprised if it was planted by Axis agents, seeking to undermine the mental health of American men. Listen:

I'm goin' to buy a paper doll that I can call my own,
A doll that other fellows cannot steal.

Since when has the American soldier been afraid of competition in getting a girl. Since when has he been turning to figurines instead of the flesh-and-blood thing?

Look. Most of our young men are in the Army. We can't afford to develop an Army of escapists, clutching their paper dolls and running away from real live girls, all of them hungry for love and companionship, all of them anxious to have real live babies and increase the population. It makes my blood boil, and if you'll be quiet a minute you'll be able to hear it.

A soldier makes a date with a blond and she stands him up. All right. That can happen. So instead of shrugging it off and going after another girl this guy gets scared—scared of being burned again and scared of competition. He stops a taxi and asks the driver where he can get a paper doll. "Okay, buddy," the driver whispers out of the side of his mouth, "I'll take you there. Just tell 'em Petey sent ya." And the soldier creeps furtively back to his barracks and spends the evening gazing at his cardboard cut-out. No back talk from her. No arguments, no resistance. And the fellows with the flirty, flirty eyes can't come and entice her away.

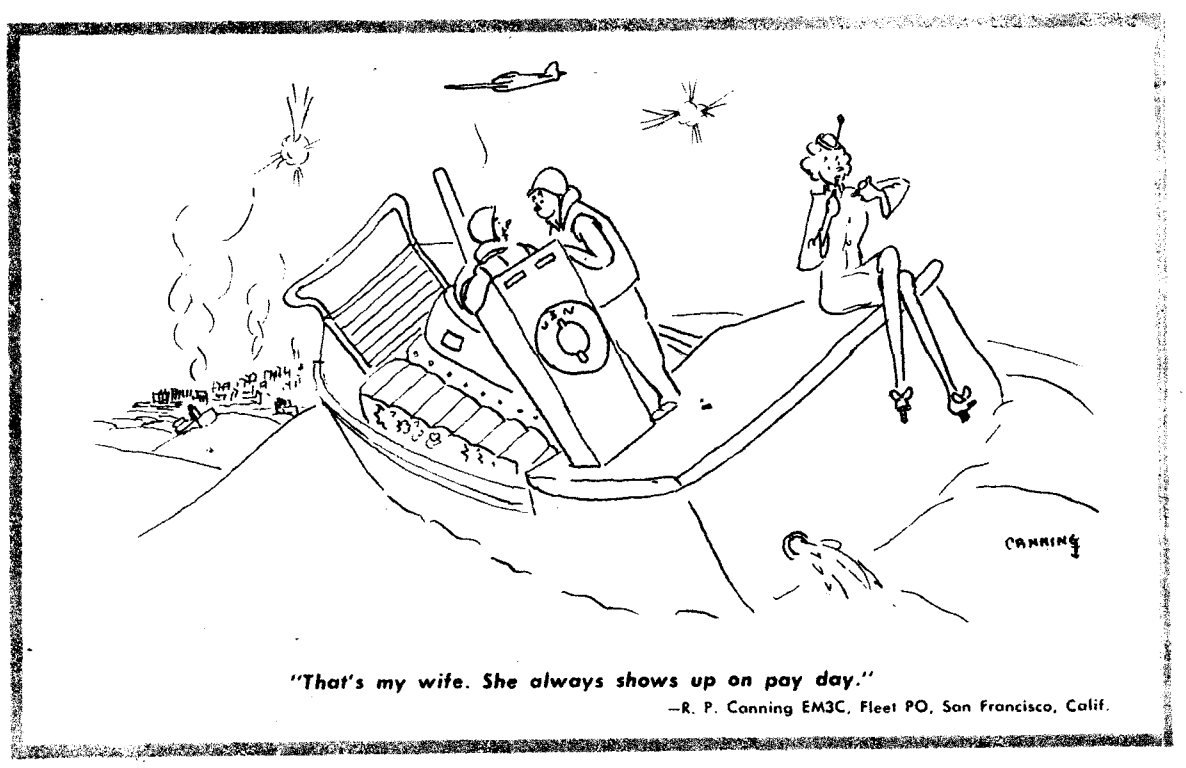
Of all the dreary, droolly, mealy-mouthed apologies for a fighting man.

Multiply this guy by a couple of million who prefer this kind of emotional security and you've got a situation that Congress ought to investigate before it does another thing.

Ring your psychologist's doorbell and ask him. He'll tell you. A guy can't stand reality because it's too tough for him. He tries to avoid it. He finds some fantasy that makes him comfortable. He likes it, gets used to it. After a while he finds he can't go back to the real world at all. He's become a neurotic. The danger to the fiber and morale of our troops from the singing of these insidious lyrics stuns the imagination.

I've been able to see only one ray of hope. Evidently this song has not yet come to the attention of the Navy. I was walking around town last week (looking for a paper-doll store because my girl doesn't like my GI haircut) when I saw a couple of sailors, and there was this real live girl. The sailors weren't exactly talking to the real live girl, they were chasing her down the block. Thank God we have a Navy.

Fort Custer, Mich. —Pfc. MARTIN WELDON



"That's my wife. She always shows up on pay day."
—R. P. Canning EM3C, Fleet PO, San Francisco, Calif.

POST EXCHANGE

This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons, poems and stories to The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

If your contribution appears this week, you will receive YANK's coveted de luxe, reproducible, that will inspire a more creative spirit.

LITERARY VIEW

Let the Bells ring merrily
While the Raven sits on Pallas.
And the House of Usher verily
Becomes the Haunted Palace.
Let the Amontillado be
And serve it by the gallon.
I'm on my way to POE
And I don't mean Edgar Allan!

Sheppard Field, Tex. —Pfc. MARV LORE

BACK HOME

Money and liquor and girls—
They are grabbing for all they are worth.
Why do the swine get the pearls,
And the meek inherit the earth?

Camp Shelby, Miss. —S/Sgt. A. L. CROUCH

DETAIL

When I consider how our lives are spent,
When each new day, approximately 99 percent
Of every passing hour,
We scour,
Rub and scrub
With brush, hot water, soapy suds in tub
The barracks walls, the ceilings and the floors,
And do other far-from-martial chores
Like washing socks and undershirts and drawers;
When I consider how, like exploited elves,
We dust and polish windows, sills and shelves,
And how, like the most domestic *hausfrau* in Bavaria,
We "police the area"
And break our backs and muscles, spines and bones,
Picking cigarette butts, sticks and tiny stones;
Then must I most firmly assert:
Who are we fighting—Nazis or just dirt?
Take back the carbine, rifle, and make room
For Lux and dust cloth, mop and brush and broom;
We're here, not to do battle, but for sweeping;
Our mission isn't fighting—just light housekeeping.

AAB, Charleston, S. C. —Sgt. CARL FENICHEL

Rank

There have to be
Chips of different kinds,
Just as in other games;
And some they stripe
With cotton stripes,
Others they bar with gold,
But, cotton or gold,
It matters not,
For both cash to the same account
When the center
Of the table is crossed.

Camp Blanding, Fla. —S/Sgt. S. STOKES

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

CHECKER STRATEGY. White moves 27 to 23. Black must jump 20 to 27. . . . White pitches 28 to 24. Black must jump 19 to 28. . . .White jumps 10 to 19 to 12. Black must jump 26 to 19. . . . White jumps 7 to 16 to 23 to 32 and wins by a mile. Pretty, no?

PUZZLE IN WINE. 1—Fill the blue pitcher. 2—Pour blue into red. 3—Empty red into cask. 4—Pour blue into white. 5—Fill blue from cask. 6—Pour blue into red. 7—Pour blue into white. 8—Fill blue from cask. 9—Pour blue into white. The required two quarts are now in the blue pitcher. A little figuring should show you why.

WORD PUZZLE. 1—ONION. 2—ERASER. 3—ENLIVEN. 4—TORMENTOR. 5—UNDERGROUND.

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WEAR 'EM OR DRIVE 'EM? **That's what Pvt. Luke Appling, former Chicago White Sox shortstop, wanted to know when the supply sergeant gave him a pair of jeeplike brogans at Fort Sheridan, Ill.**

THE **Sgt. Joe Louis** boxing troupe will go overseas after completing its U. S. tour at Camp Butner, N. C., this month. While at Camp Hood, Tex., **Cpl. Bob Smith** joined the troupe as a relief man for **1st Sgt. George Nicholson,** Louis' chief sparring partner. . . . Give **Lt. Mickey Cochrane,** the old baseball catcher, an assist on Great Lakes' historic upset of Notre Dame. Cochrane scouted the Irish in four games. . . . The USO wanted **Red Grange** to accompany **Lefty Gomez** and **Jack Sharkey** on their overseas junket, but Grange couldn't make it. . . . Tennis aces **Wayne Sabin** and **John Faunce** are attending the Navy's Physical Instructor's School at Bainbridge, Md. . . . **CPO Bob Feller's** latest pitching performance was a three-hit victory over an Advance Naval Base team in the South Pacific. . . . **Eddie Simms,** the Cleveland heavyweight, doubles as an entertainer and a boxing instructor at the San Diego Naval Air Station. He's an accordion player from way back. . . . **Lt. Joe (Whitey) Beinor,** an All-American tackle at Notre Dame a few seasons ago, has reported at the Marine Corps air depot in Miramar, Calif., for assignment, probably as a ground officer with the Marine air arm. . . . **Sgt. Greg Mangin,** who used to be a fine tennis player, is now an aerial gunner on a Flying Fort. . . . "I was robbed," wrote **Frankie Rogers,** former Seattle boxer, in telling his parents of a fight in the South Pacific in which he was awarded a draw decision. But scribbled on the side of his letter was this comment: "Robbed nothing—Galloway gave Frankie a good beating—The Censor." . . . **Jack Sharkey,** now touring Mediterranean camps, expects to remain long enough to referee the finals in the Allied boxing tournament at Algiers. The GI who wins the heavyweight championship will get the gloves Sharkey wore the night he won the world's title.

Ordered for Induction: **Hal White,** Detroit pitcher; **Clyde McCullough,** Chicago Cub catcher; **Joe Dobson,** Boston Red Sox pitcher. . . . *Enlisted:* **Bob Falkenburg,** national junior tennis champion, in the Army as an air cadet. . . . *Reclassified 1-A:* **Buck Newsom,** the most traded player in baseball and now of the Philadelphia Athletics; **Al Smith,** Cleveland pitcher; **Marty Marion,** star shortstop of the St. Louis Cardinals. . . . *Rejected:* **Ewald Pyle,** newly acquired New York Giant southpaw; **Gus Mancuso,** veteran catcher of the New York Giants. . . . *Promoted:* **Monte Weaver,** former Washington Senator pitching ace, to first lieutenant in the Eighth Air Force Fighter Wing, England. . . . *Commissioned:* **Roy Mundorff,** basketball coach at Georgia Tech for 20 years, as lieutenant commander in the Navy . . . *Transferred:* **Lt. Comdr. Jim Crowley,** Fordham football coach, from South Pacific rest camp to Admiral Halsey's staff as welfare and recreation officer for the entire South Pacific area. . . . *Decorated:* **Lt. Walter Scholl,** who threw Cornell's famous "fifth down" pass against Dartmouth, with Silver Star, Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal for engaging in 72 sorties as a fighter pilot and shooting down three German planes in North Africa.

SPORTS: OUTSTANDING SPORTS PERFORMANCES OF '43

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

TODAY we throw the records out the window, and with the reckless abandon of a second lieutenant giving out Good Conduct Medals, we name the outstanding sports performances of 1943.

Coach of the Year. Gunder Haegg, the swift Swede, who developed America's fastest miler. Haegg's great speed carried Bill Hulse of New York University along so rapidly that Bill set a new American outdoor mile record (4:06 flat) while finishing five yards behind the Swede.

Team of the Year. The Columbia University football team, which didn't win a game, or even get a tie, and was optimistic enough to show up every Saturday.

Jerk of the Year. Bill Cox or Bucky Harris. It all depends on which one you happened to be listening to.

Woman of the Year. Pvt. Ben Taylor, a Wac at Mitchel Field, N. Y., who forgot her manners in a sparring match and really slugged Sgt. Max Katz, the former New England middleweight champion.

Book of the Year. The one Judge Landis threw at Bill Cox, now ex-president of the Phillies, for betting on baseball games.

Luckiest Man of the Year. The sad Mr. Frank Leahy of Notre Dame. He didn't see how the Irish could possibly win a football game all season.

Bravest Man of the Year. The referee in the Ohio State-Illinois football game, who had courage enough to call both teams back on the field to run one more play 15 minutes after the game had ended in a 26-26 tie.

Greatest Discovery in Sports. The punctured eardrum.

Greatest Come-back. Joe Gordon of the New York Yankees. He retired from baseball and announced his come-back all within the same week. Don Hutson, the Green Bay Packer end, took second place. This season was the third he said he wouldn't play.

Biggest Mystery. The name of a certain Brooklyn baseball player Leo Durocher hates more than anybody else.

Biggest Disappointment. Pvt. Evil Eye Finkel, who has been in the Army more than a year and hasn't been able to hex his first sergeant into a promotion yet.

Biggest Myth. That GIs in isolated outposts would be transferred after 18 months of service.

Biggest Surprise. That Notre Dame placed only four guys on the All-American football team.

Biggest Thrill. The Flying Fortress that tried to see how close it could come to the roof of Yankee Stadium during the World Series without actually tearing away a section of it.

Best Unassisted Double Play. Branch Rickey's feat of firing and rehiring Leo Durocher as manager of the Dodgers in the same breath.

Longest Hold-Out. Lou Novikoff of the Chicago Cubs. After holding out for two months for $10,000, he held out for almost another month before getting a hit.

Leading Ground-Gainer. Buck (Bobo) Newsom, who covered more ground than anybody else traveling from Brooklyn to St. Louis to Washington this season. He'll get permanent possession of the trophy next year when he reports to the Philadelphia Athletics.

Most Humane Act. The Chicago Bears played Bronko Nagurski in the line instead of at fullback.

Most Promising. Old Man Alonzo Stagg. He promises to outlive football.

Buck Newsom, the year's leading ground gainer, moved from Brooklyn to St. Louis to Washington.

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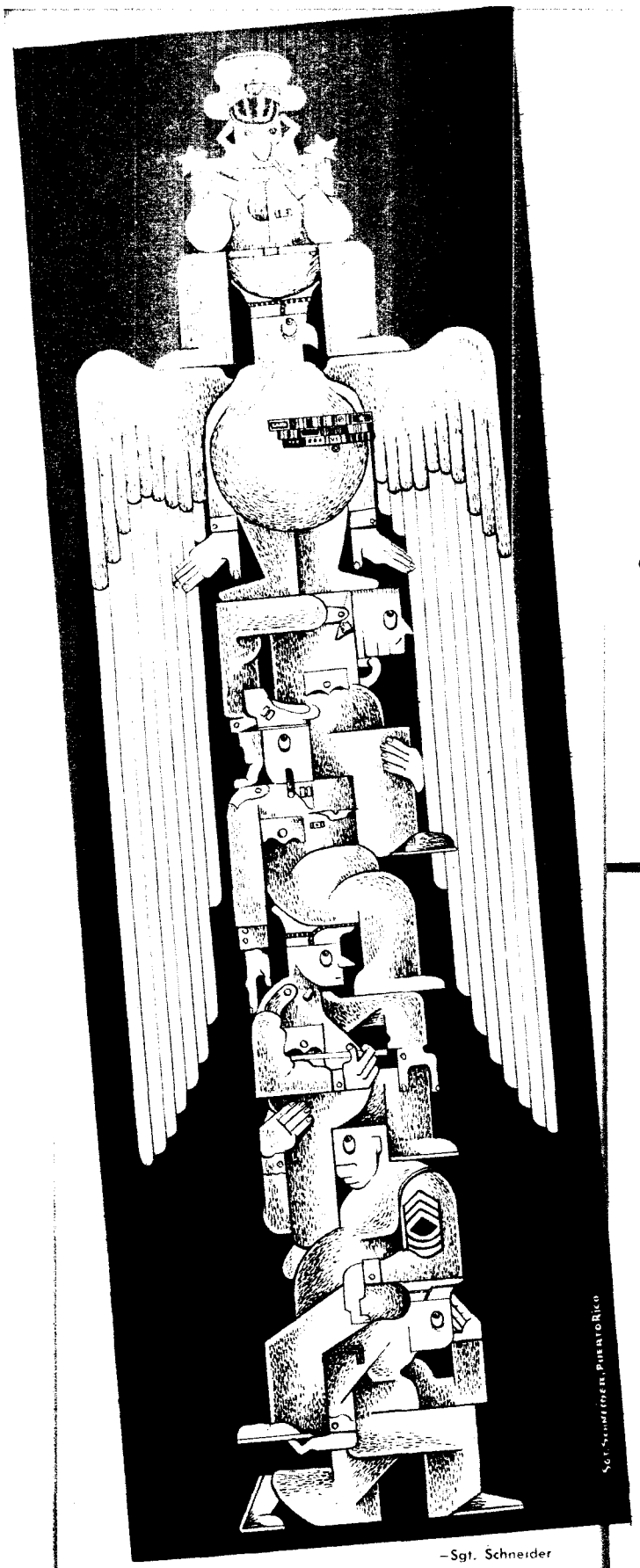
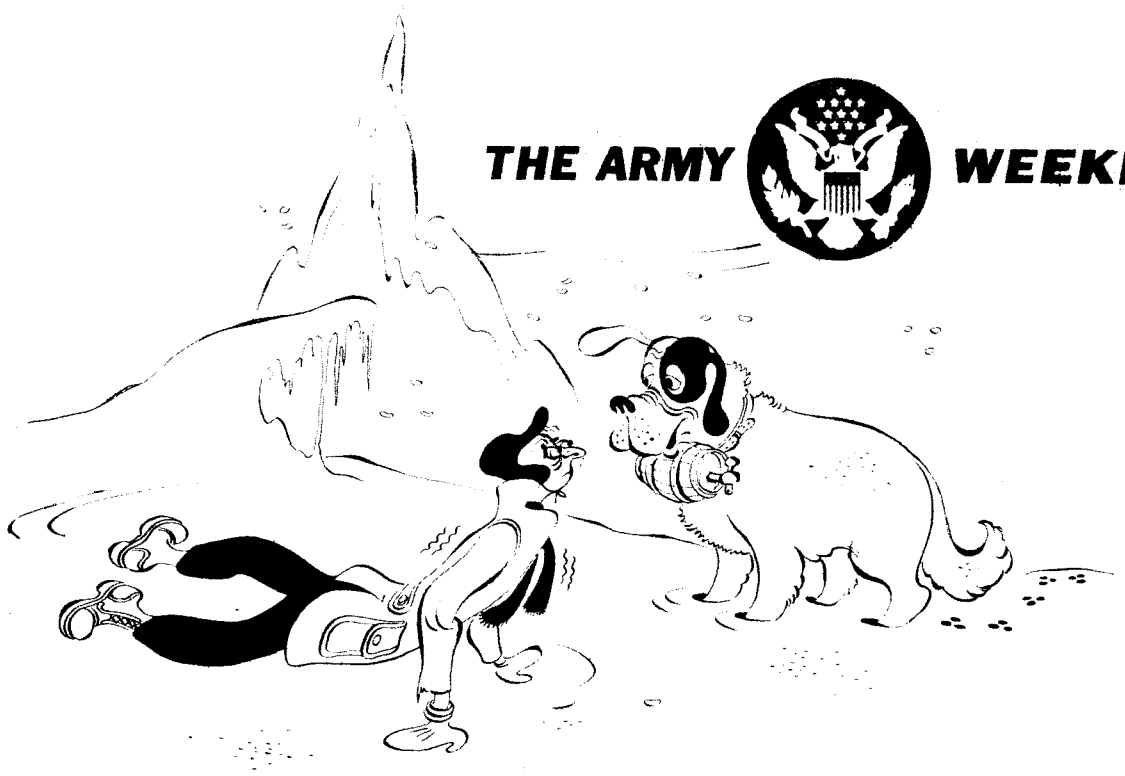


—Sgt. Schneider



"YOU'RE SURE LUCKY I FOUND YOU TODAY. TOMORROW I'M GOING IN THE ARMY!"
—Sgt. Irwin Caplan

"ALL RIGHT, MULCAHY, GET IN STEP!"
—Pfc. H. Q. Hewitt

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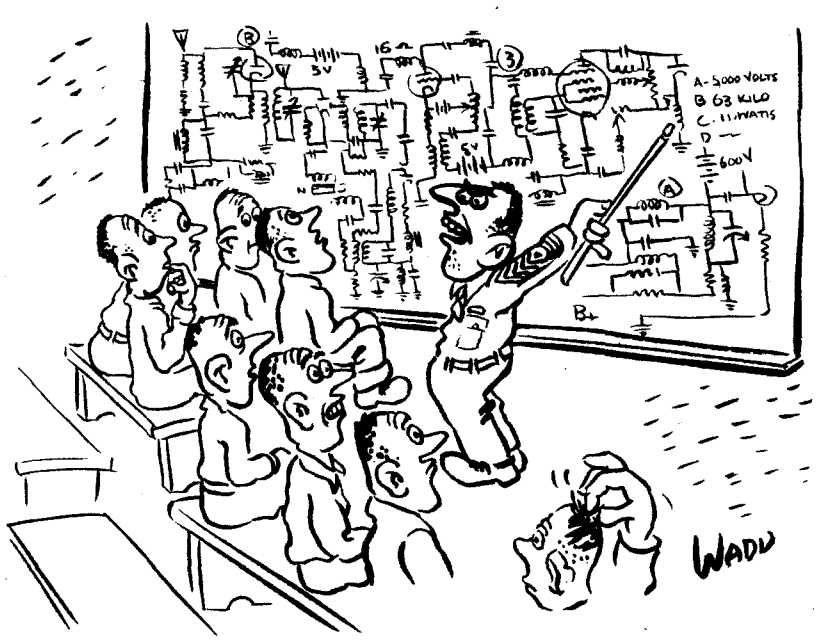

"NOW BEFORE WE GO ON TO THE NEXT DIAGRAM, IS THERE ANY MAN WHO DOESN'T UNDERSTAND THIS ONE?"
—Sgt. John A. Waddingham

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